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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Trevelyan's speech on the Army Promotion and Retirement question, last Monday, was probably the best he has yet made. It was a speech ostensibly intended to show cause why the House of Commons should not be asked at the close of a long and tedious Session to decide upon so grave a question. But Mr. Trevelyan went, in fact, much beyond this, and seriously and very effectively arraigned the scheme itself. In any case, and even supposing Mr. Trevelyan and the critics who supported him to be mistaken in their appreciation of the scheme, it seems a monstrous thing that so important a piece of legislation should be thrust upon the House in the last few days of the Session. "We could not get the warrant ready any sooner," Mr. Hardy pleaded. The report of the Royal Commission has indeed been in the hands of the Government for a whole year, and they have not greatly modified its recommendations. But then there were ever so many people to consult—the Treasury, and the Indian authorities, and heaven knows what other sources of light and support, and the year all passed away; and is it the fault of Ministers if a year only consists of fifty-two weeks? Very good; but why should the House of Commons alone be compelled to accept without consideration this scheme, which requires so much elaborate consideration from everybody else? Why must it needs be adopted this year? The whole business has been some six years in progress; could it not wait one Session more to allow the House of Commons to give it a little consideration? The answer is peculiar. It would be unfair, Mr. Hardy argues, to leave the just claims of the officers any longer unsatisfied. But the House of Commons, let it be observed, had not yet admitted the justice of the claims. It certainly had not admitted that this is the way in which the claims, if they do exist, ought to be dealt with. The Government scheme is a proposal to recognise the claims, and to deal with them after a particular fashion. The House of Commons was, therefore, urged to adopt the scheme, in order that certain claims might be satisfied which it had not had any opportunity of considering at all. "Do sign this cheque at once. If you don't, the people will have to wait another six months for their money." "But I have not yet looked into the claims; I don't know whether I owe the money or not." "Here is a statement of the case." "But I have not time to look at it now. Why was it not presented to me before?" "Well, we had to show it to so many other persons." "Had they to pay it?" "Oh, no; you have to pay it." "Then I ought to have had time to look into it more than anyone else." "Yes; but, don't you see, there is no time for you to look into it now—you have only time to pay it without consideration." This is Mr. Hardy's way of doing business.

Mr. Fawcett deserves a great deal of public gratitude for the manner in which he persisted in pressing the alterations made by the House of Lords in the Metropolitan Street Improvements Bill on the notice of the House of Commons. One of the most valuable improvements that the Board of Works have undertaken for years was about to be quietly thrown aside, because some of Lord Salisbury's agents demanded special privilege for his lordship, and the House of Lords were willing to make the concession. We confess that we think the Board of Works ought themselves to have shown more spirit in sustaining their Bill, and not to have withdrawn so important a part of it without a stout fight even in the House of Lords. Of course, when it came down to the Commons, it was quite open to them to do there what they left Mr. Fawcett to do, and to move that the Commons do not agree with the Lords' amendments, as regards the special clause inserted for the defence of Lord Salisbury's supposed interests as a landowner. But as the Metropolitan Board did not venture to make this stand, it is satisfactory to find that there was a private member watchful and bold enough to undertake the duty. The manner in which Mr. Gorst attempted to defend the insertion of the special clause was feeble, and, indeed, we had almost said pitiable. He seemed to feel rather uncomfortable himself. It is, perhaps, a little awkward when a member of the House of Commons presents himself apparently ready and crammed to act as a sort of advocate where he is politely supposed to be one of six hundred and fifty judges. This, however, is an anomaly for which Mr. Gorst is not responsible. A spectator can only feel that such a position is awkward. Mr. Raikes seems to us to have shown to still less advantage than Mr. Gorst. His position is one of official responsibility; and he ought to have thought the whole matter out more carefully before he implied that there was anything inconvenient or objectionable in the course taken by Mr. Fawcett. The only effect of claiming too much power and authority for the decisions of committees on private Bills would be to make Parliament reluctant to trust anything to their decision. The system works admirably, for the very reason that it is always liable to that intervention and control which Mr. Fawcett very properly invoked.

The elevation of Mr. Smith to the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has a great deal to recommend it. Mr. Smith is, undoubtedly, one of the ablest administrators in Lord Beaconsfield's Government. The subordinate post he so long held was beset with worrying and difficult detail, and its work had but little result to make any public display of. It was trouble

without much reward. As First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Smith will be able to give better and clearer proof of his administrative capacity, and will have a field of activity more worthy of his remarkable organising ability. Something, too, had to be done to reconcile borough constituencies to the constitution of a Cabinet which hitherto seemed as if it were made up in illustration of the moral principle set forth in the famous lines of the Postmaster-General about the utter insignificance of learning, commerce, and all the rest of it, when compared with the claims of our old nobility. The nobility and the counties have had it all their own way hitherto; and even the patient Conservatives themselves were beginning to grumble—that is, when they belonged to or represented borough constituencies. Mr. Smith will be the only man connected with trade having a seat in the Cabinet. Trade has in him a good representative. Predictions are perilous things in the case of public men raised to a new and untried office; but it is scarcely rash to expect that Mr. Smith may prove an able and successful First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Greek Cabinet has been lately very active in its diplomatic negotiations with England, Turkey, and Roumania; and Trikoupis recently had a long conversation with the English ambassador, Mr. Stuart, who assured him that the interests of the Greeks would not be lost sight of by England. This has been interpreted as though Mr. Stuart was alluding to the interests of the Greek Government in Athens. Such was not the case. The conversation referred only to the interests of the Greek subjects of the Porte in view of any extension of the privileges of the Slav subjects which might be prejudicial to them. In the same sense must the Notes be considered which the Greek Cabinet has addressed to its agents at foreign Courts. This attitude is rather at variance with the expectations entertained by the Greeks from the Cabinet of Compromise, whose *raison d'être* lay in its being supposed to represent the universal national wish; and it is also at variance with the military preparations that are rapidly approaching completion. At the same time the excitement throughout Greece is so great that if the Cabinet does not abandon its temporising policy it will be forced to resign and make way for a more resolute one. The national enthusiasm exhibits itself in considerable contributions of men, arms, and money; and the men of the first extraordinary reserve are welcomed everywhere by processions of the inhabitants, and bands of music, and the customary festal virgins. They were all at their posts even before the appointed time, so that the increase of the army to 27,000 men is now an established fact.

The apparently systematic concealment by a large portion of the Press of the strength of the various Turkish corps receives a curious illustration in Thursday's *Times*, and in some measure explains the irritation of the Russians and their objection to correspondents. The Russian complaint, in short, is that whilst the correspondents with their armies supply all the military information they are able to despatch, the correspondents on the Turkish side carefully abstain from such disquisitions. Thus whilst the military correspondent of the *Times* complains that his letters have not been forwarded, he expresses his astonishment that the Russians were not aware of the Turks being strong in Widdin and Sophia, a fact of which he gave private information to the editor of the *Times* long ago. Why did he not give the information to the readers of the *Times*? Or has Printing-House Square its intelligence department also? We should be very sorry indeed to think that the *Times* made any use of such private information, but it is quite certain that the Russians will think so.

The *Daily News* publishes a telegram from its Vienna correspondent, stating that the British Consul at Widdin, who was arrested by the Turks as a suspected spy, has been set free, but has had to remove to Servian territory. Until very recently there was no British Consul at Widdin. We have not heard of any having been appointed since then, and from what we know of the relations existing between the Foreign Office and Widdin we should consider it highly improbable that any British agent there had been arrested by the Turks. If a Consul, however, has been appointed at Widdin, it would be interesting to know on what grounds. We could imagine a military commissioner being sent there, but certainly not a Consul.

It is pitiable to notice the animosity with which the Government of May 16 is persecuting the Radical organs of France; about the measures now being adopted—petty as they are impolitic—there can be but one opinion. When a Government brings itself to these extremes, it may be said that it is nearing its end; the use of such weapons to gain the upper hand is, to say the least, injudicious; it betrays weakness at the base.

Whatever may be the political consequences of May 16, there can be no doubt as to its financial consequences, which appear very plainly in the statistical returns of the Ministry of Finance. In April there was a surplus above the Budget estimate of 2,706,000 francs, and in May, consequent upon orders for imports made in April, a surplus of 8,210,000 francs. But the returns for June show a deficit of 555,000 francs. Such has not been the case for a very long time, and points unmistakably to a stoppage of business, which besides is fully confirmed by private letters, in which a very desponding view is taken.

The Dulwich College row has not been an agreeable sight for those to witness to whom an ancient collegiate institution seems to be something more than a fighting-ground for hostile teachers. The dissension which worthy Alleyn sowed with the foundation of the college has certainly blossomed into its fullest growth with this quarrel between Mr. Hume and Mr. Marshall. It would surely pain the successful actor—remarkable among other things for having married three wives, and having been, according to Dibdin, the first pensioner of his own charity, and whom Fuller described as "a youth of excellent capacity, a cheerful temper, a tenacious memory, a sweet elocution, and in his person of a stately port and aspect"—could his ghost rewalk the earth, to find that within the sacred shade of "God's gift college" the quarrels of teachers should find vent in accusations of drunkenness and appeals to the law. The Dulwich College has, however, always been in a more or less troubled state. Litigatious it came into existence, and litigatious it remains to-day. Once the college got into a great difficulty in 1669, when it elected a warden and after election discovered him to be contrary to the rule—a married man. The opportune death of the wife, however, solved the difficulty. But the little college has never been in more trouble than at present, and it is hardly to be hoped that the recent verdict will do much to mend matters, but it may at least make antagonists more guarded in their attacks, and more careful to keep their recriminations within the pale of the law.

One of the most important lessons taught by the railway riots in the United States is the little reliance that may be placed on the militia. Again and again during the recent struggle they have shown themselves to be either utterly incompetent to deal with the rioters or to be as untrustworthy as the French National Guard has always shown itself to be. New York alone has proved itself equal to the emergency, and the security which has reigned in the city is a tribute to the admirable nature of the defensive arrangements. Yet there was much ground for fear in New York. The city has often since the Revolution been the theatre of bloody and determined conflicts. The Forrest riots are not forgotten, and the memory of the draft riots of 1863 is still green in the memory. Then New York lay for four days at the mercy of an infuriated

mob, and murder and destruction were the order of the day; then the *Tribune* office stood siege, and negroes were slaughtered by the hundred, until at last regiments were sent from the seat of war to march down upon New York, before whom the riot vanished into nothingness, leaving some 1,000 dead rioters behind it. Since then New York has known but little trouble, for the disturbances of some few years since, in which Jim Fisk distinguished himself by getting wounded, were but trifling, and soon ended; but within the last few days there have not been wanting efforts to turn it once again into a scene of anarchy and bloodshed. The whole affair, begun by strikers, and reinforced by rowdies of all sorts, together with the "crack-brained Socialists and Communists" of the "American Citizen," whose letter we quoted last week, is now probably close upon its end. But the lesson it teaches of the ease with which such an insurrection may be got up in a civilised and orderly country, and the exceeding difficulty with which it can be put down, is at once instructive and surprising.

It is not a little curious that the first to feel the full force of the new resolutions has been, not one of that "Obstructionist" party for whom they were intended, but Mr. Whalley. The rules are sensible, and well intended no doubt; but the result of the first experiment in their use is not wholly reassuring, and the administrators seem not a little in the position of someone who, having boasted of his gun and his skill in shooting, finds at the moment of trial that the weapon will not go off, and that when it does it hits the wrong mark. Mr. Whalley, who is not unaccustomed to calls to order, found the new situation surprising; the House, to whom the whole thing had the charm of novelty, was amused. Rumour says that Sir Stafford Northcote was inclined to avoid the disagreeable duty imposed upon him by suddenly disappearing; and, to crown all, that portion of the rule which allows the member complained of to be "heard in explanation" was left in oblivion. Practice, however, may bring the use of the new rules nearer to perfection.

The Prussian Minister of Instruction has just given another example of the blessings of a paternal government. He has addressed a Circular to the provincial authorities, drawing attention to the accidents to life and limb that may arise from defects in the gymnastic apparatus used in the schools, and advises the educational authorities to buy their apparatus only from such persons as know how to make them properly, and take care that there are no insidious knots in the wood. Probably this Circular is only a prelude to an Order in Council that every gymnastic apparatus manufacturer shall pass a State examination before obtaining the licence to make them, and to the establishment of a special State Department for their control.

It is strange that whilst want of rain should be causing a terrible famine in India, an extraordinary excess in the rainfall is producing the same results in China. Thousands have died of starvation in the districts around Pekin, and thousands are now dying of famine typhus. The damp huts of the rural population are crowded with weaklings, who have just been able to survive the pangs of starvation, but are too feeble to combat the fever, which is aggravated by the pestilential gases arising from the dead bodies that have been washed out of their shallow graves dug whilst the frost was still in the ground. The tea-crops will also suffer both in quality and quantity from the continued wet weather, though this will probably only result, as far as the foreign supply is concerned, in a still further stimulation of the tea cultivation in India. The export from China has been decreasing year by year, owing in a great measure to the carelessness and hurry with which the tea is prepared by the Chinese in order to get off the first cargoes for the clippers and steamers racing to get command of the first market. The tea is in consequence outwardly scorched but inwardly damp, so that even if it does not become visibly mildewed it loses its aroma. The production of tea in India now amounts to 30,000,000 of pounds annually. In ten years' time it is expected to become doubled.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR.

A letter in Thursday's issue of the *Daily News* fully confirms the view we took of the Russian strategy, and of the character of the retrograde movement, which has been represented as a defeat and the end of the campaign in Armenia, whereas it was a cleverly-executed movement to draw Mukhtar Pasha from his positions on the Soghanly Dagh, whence he would have been able to fall back on a series of strong lines. The *Daily News* correspondent says:—

> That the Russians have retired to close proximity with their own frontier is indubitable; why they have done so is not equally clear. It is certain that the general retrograde movement was not caused by *force majeure* on the part of the Turks. The latter freely admit it themselves; and remain in a state of puzzled wonder, mingled with alarm at the unaccountable manœuvres of their enemy. Mukhtar Pacha steadily and cautiously followed up the retiring foe, keeping at a very respectable distance. . . . If we listen to the general himself he would fain have us believe that the Russians, frightened by the check received at Zevine, have gone off for good, and will not return in a hurry. But the very precautions taken, not only at the front, but also along the line of a possible retreat, argue anything but a confident belief in Russian impotence. . . . While entirely denying that the Russians were forced back on their own frontier by the Turkish attack, and while it is evident that the retrograde movement of the moment is but a piece of strategy, the greatest credit must be given to Mukhtar Pasha for the consummate skill he displayed in drawing the enemy on step by step to previously prepared positions, and to a battle ground chosen by himself. Not once even did he venture to assume the offensive. He utilised the well known, long proved capacity for defensive warfare of the Turkish Nizams, and the Russians were forced to see that though they might force line after line with success, with the troops available at the moment they would ultimately arrive close to Erzeroum with such diminished forces that, as at Adrianople in the campaign of 1829, they would be impotent for farther operations, far from their base, and liable to be taken in flank by the every-day increasing irregular cavalry.

This is a very correct view of the situation; and now that the Russians have received reinforcements, we may expect to hear of an advance, to which the recent cavalry skirmishes are the prelude. The endeavours of the Russian commanders will be concentrated on an engagement in front, whilst the forces stationed at Djala north of the ruins of Ani, the ancient capital of Armenia, and the corps operating in the direction of Olti, try to cut Mukhtar's communications with Erzeroum, and force him into Kars. Nothing but a speedy retreat can save him from this fate or immediate destruction in the open field.

THE WAR IN BULGARIA.

The most important news of the week, if it were true, would be the re-occupation of Kezanlik by Suleiman Pasha's troops. But as the Russians had constructed extensive defensive works between Hermankoi and Kezanlik, it appears very doubtful indeed whether the report is not due to Stamboul imagination. And, at any rate, if Kezanlik is in the hands of the Turks, it is because the Russians voluntarily withdrew from it in consequence of the risk we pointed out last week of their communications with Tirnova being threatened by an advance of the Turks upon Gabrova along the pass from Selvi *viâ* Berbegli. Had the withdrawal not been voluntary, the strong positions occupied by General Gourko's troops at Hermankoi would certainly have brought on a much severer action than has been represented by the Turkish authorities.

Next in importance to this possible item of news

comes the rumoured evacuation of the Dobrudja by General Zimmermann's corps; and it is probably true that Circassians and Bashi-bazouks have scoured the country up to the walls of Medjidieh without discovering a trace of Zimmermann's whereabouts. Nor would there be anything very remarkable in the fact of his having quitted the Dobrudja. From the first it was only intended that he should create a diversion, and we, for our part, could never assign any position to his corps except as a diversionary one. The probable explanation of his remaining so long in the Dobrudja will most likely be found in the inexplicable inactivity of Abdul Kerim, which may have inspired the Russian commanders with the idea that, once being in the Dobrudja, General Zimmermann might be able to strike a decisive blow or assist in so doing by threatening the Turkish rear. The original intention, therefore, of simply making a diversion may have become modified in view of the negative character of the Turkish defence. But now that it is seen that the Turks are better armed, better supplied, and, at last, better commanded than they were thought to be, it is quite possible that he has been ordered to withdraw to the *têtes-du-pont* at Tchernavoda, Matschin, and Hirsova, in order to allow of the reserves being moved further up the Danube, or has even been ordered to join in the operations about to be carried out against the Turkish army between Rasgrad and Rustzuk. But there is another explanation to account for General Zimmermann's apparent disappearance. A body of Turks crossed the Danube below Kilia, and commenced the construction of earthworks there; and this, coupled with reports that the Turks had landed some forces in his rear, and were also contemplating a disembarkation at Jibriani, may have caused him to form a fresh front. Still, under any circumstance, the fate of General Zimmermann cannot exercise any important influence on the campaign. He created his diversion—it was successful; and any further operations beyond the attainment of this object are outside the general plan, and must stand or fall upon their own merits.

West of the quadrilateral both sides have spent the week in comparative rest and in concentrating their forces. The Russians have become a little more careful, and are at last cloaking their movements more than they have done hitherto. Until now they seem to have thought that it really did not matter at all whether the Turks knew of their movements or not, and carried out all their operations quite openly. But pride will have its fall, and they have paid for their error, which was all the more inexcusable as they themselves had felt considerably baffled by the secrecy with which the Turks conducted their operations. In a war like the present one, and in such a country, it is a proof of considerable generalship if a commander can apparently make his army disappear. That was the case with Osman Pasha. His marches and countermarches were so well conducted that the Russian generals were convinced that he was marching on Sophia—a conviction which was scarcely shared by anyone outside of the Russian head-quarters. We happen to know that the Russian chiefs were much annoyed at the veil cast by the Press and others over the Turkish movements; they felt the disadvantages they were labouring under, but still they took no measures to ensure the same secrecy for their own operations, and we have reason to doubt that they were aware of the advance of the Turks through the lateral defiles and passes leading from Selvi to Gabrova and the upper course of the Yantra—a movement which was well known in London at the time—whilst their own advance upon Plevna and Lovtcha was a matter of notoriety.

All this, coupled with the check they received at Plevna, has put them considerably out of temper, and they now attribute their reverses at Plevna to General Manu. For some ten or twelve days before the passage of the Danube by the Roumanians, there had been much discussion as to the part the Roumanians were to take in the active operations, but no decision was arrived at. But on the first repulse at Plevna, the Russians held it necessary to reinforce the attack, and Prince Charles telegraphed to General Manu to cross the river and occupy Nicopoli, so as to set the Russian garrison there free. This was done on July 23 and 29, but no instructions were sent to Manu placing him under Russian orders; and when General Krüdener ordered him, on the evening of the 29th, to occupy a position further south, till then held by the Russians, Manu refused, alleging that he had no orders to proceed beyond Nicopoli; and until he received such orders from his commander-in-chief he would not comply with General Krüdener's commands. The delay thus caused by having to telegraph to Prince Charles at Pojana for instructions prevented the Russians from leaving their positions before Nicopoli and taking part in the action at Plevna, the repulse at which place is thus ascribed to the quibbling spirit in which General Manu interpreted his orders. Still, in the present relations of the Roumanians to the Russians, Manu may be forgiven for strictly adhering to the letter of his instructions, and the blame, if any, be cast upon the shoulders of those who made so nice a distinction between Nicopoli and its defences. Krüdener demanded that he should be brought before a court-martial; but the matter has been arranged by transferring his command over the 4th Division to General Radetzki, Manu taking the command of the 2nd Division at Citate, near Kalafat.

The importance of the repulse at Plevna has now been reduced to the proportions we awarded it last week, whilst Osman Pasha's remaining inactive, to the great disgust of the people who expected him to sweep all the Russians before him into the arms of Mehemet Ali, shows that he is quite aware of the difficulties in the way of an advance which we pointed out. We said that the Russian attack on Plevna was a failure, but nothing more, and that there was nothing in the situation to justify either the triumphant tones of the Turcophiles or the panic which set in amongst the hybrid populations of Sistova and Zimnitza. And so it has turned out. Both armies are occupying the same lines they held before the action; but in the meantime the Russians have been gradually drawing round Osman Pasha, and seem to have the intention of enclosing him by a living wall, which it is very doubtful whether he will be able to break through. And it is equally doubtful whether the Russians intend to renew the attack on this side for the present. Their concentrations and the dispositions they are taking point rather to an intention to centre all their chief efforts in an attack on Mehemet Ali, and leave Osman Pasha in the meantime to stew in his own pot. But to do this successfully reinforcements are necessary, and nothing will be undertaken until they have arrived in sufficient numbers to equal not only the numerical strength of Mehemet Ali's forces, but also the practically additional forces represented by the strong lines of entrenchments he holds. In fact, a very strong forlorn hope is required to hurl against his defences, and form the bridge of bodies to lead the rest to success in the face of the large army which Mehemet Ali commands. This army we estimated last week at 120,000 men—that is to say, at double the number given by any other paper. Even in Thursday's *Times*, the correspondent at Bucharest only assesses it at 60,000 men; but, in its leader on the war, the *Times* at last points out the fact that this is a great error, and assesses Mehemet Ali's army at about 100,000, or, together with the forces between Rustzuk and Rasgrad, at about 160,000. But we think still that our estimate is correct, and that it will be found that 120,000 is about the strength of Mehemet Ali's field-army.

We may now look for a series of reconnaissance engagements—which will no doubt be magnified into actions of "vast importance," like the affair last Tuesday at Lovtcha—together with feints at various points on the line, before any serious encounter takes place; and it is also very possible that we shall hear of a diversion by the Serbs in Osman Pasha's rear, and certainly of a Russo-Roumanian demonstration near Oreava, for we hear that there is a considerable concentration of troops and *matériel* going on at Piket, whilst Manu's

taking the command at Citate points to operations above Widdin probably in conjunction with General Horvatovich. Servian action is, however, still a political and not a military question as yet.

THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE RECESS.

The national policy of England in regard to the war will soon pass out of the hands of the nation's representatives. Within a week we may presume that Parliament will have concluded its sittings for the year. The representatives of boroughs and counties will before many days be scattered far and wide o'er mountain, stream, and sea, like the members of the household whose severance Mrs. Hemans lamented so prettily in the old sentimental days of poetry. But that is not the whole change which will have been made in our political arrangements. For a considerable time the Government of the country will be taken out of the hands of the Cabinet as much as out of the hands of Parliament. The great majority of the members of the Cabinet will be dispersed like ordinary members of either House. The Prime Minister will remain in or near town. So, we may presume, will the Foreign Secretary. The Government of the country, in all that relates to our dealings with continental affairs, will be in the hands of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. We all know what this means. Lord Derby is a sensible man with a certain hard and narrow intelligence; but he is altogether wanting in force of character. He is sure to be easily controlled by a stronger and more strenuous will than his own. There is not much natural sympathy between the fantastic and flighty ambitions of the Prime Minister and the solid, prosaic temperament of the Foreign Secretary. If we could suppose the latter to have full freedom of choice, and plenty of time to think things over, we can hardly doubt that he would come to a decision on most questions belonging to foreign affairs very different indeed from that which would issue forth of Lord Beaconsfield's imaginings and desires. But when two such men are left to form between them some prompt or it may even be sudden decision, we cannot doubt that the decision would be that of the more resolute and daring will. Lord Derby would in such a case be absolutely under the control of Lord Beaconsfield. No Cabinet councils would for weeks or months to come be able to control or give caution to the impulses of the Prime Minister. In that former recess, when the question of buying the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal was suddenly brought under the notice of the available members of the Cabinet, it is understood that Lord Derby, whose first impulse in any given case is always to take no action, was against the idea of the purchase. But the project pleased Lord Beaconsfield, and all objection that Lord Derby might have had was instantly put aside. We are not now finding fault with the decision or the result in that instance; but it is an illustration of the manner in which the will of a man like Lord Beaconsfield is always able to "overcrow"—as the Elizabethan poets would have said—the will of a man like Lord Derby. For many weeks, therefore, of the present recess England's foreign policy will be entrusted to the dictatorship of Lord Beaconsfield.

This, too, will be during what promises to be the most critical period of the autumn. We are not inclined to venture on any predictions or even any speculations as to the course which events may take in the east of Europe during the next two or three months. But there is no rashness in assuming that that interval will be marked by events of the utmost importance to the interests of England as well as of Europe at large. It will be a season to test statesmanship, and it may be to try severely the fortunes of States. It is at least possible that during that time the Russians may be able to retrieve their military position, and to put Turkey once more into extreme difficulties. Turkey, as even her most devoted admirers and partisans admit, is not strong in military or political resources. She cannot, of her own strength, stand the strain of many campaigns or of repeated reverses. She has still, however, a touching faith in her friends. Nothing that has yet occurred has shaken her faith in England. For all that our statesmen have said in public she still believes somehow that, when the time comes, England will be found on the side of her old friend and pupil. She is still evidently under the impression that some at least of our statesmen have one voice for the public and another for their private favourites, and that the pledge made to the latter is the debt of honour which will surely be paid. We are not by any means prepared to say that Turkey is altogether mistaken in her estimate of the ideas of some of our ruling men. She has, too, a sort of impression that she has acquired by long dependency an indefensible claim on England. She regards her claim on us very much as the Roman beggar of whom the story was told in the Papal days of Rome regarded his title to the bounty of his patron. The patron had been for years in the habit of giving the beggar a trifle of alms every day. Suddenly he found that the beggar was not deserving of his charity, and he stopped giving him any money. The beggar asked, demanded, claimed the continuance of the dole. At last he sued his patron in the Papal court of law. He pointed out that by always giving the alms his benefactor had led him to count upon a regular dole, and that he had ordered his habits and his expenses accordingly, and would be seriously damaged by the withdrawal of the supplies on which he had depended so long. The story goes that the Papal court of law held the claim to be reasonable, and condemned the patron to continue his contributions for the term of his natural life. It is only too certain that Turkey still believes she has such a claim as this upon the support of England. It was always given at time of need, she will say; she fashioned her whole mode of life upon it; she did as she pleased with her subject Christians, and snapped her fingers in the face of demonstrating Europe, on the faith of the support she believed herself certain to get from England; and she has a right to insist, she thinks, that England shall not now leave her to deal single-handed with the enemies whom she would have taken good care never to provoke if she had not believed that England was at her back ready to help her in the last resource.

It is true that Turkey cannot enforce her claim. Luckily for us, there is no Papal court of law to compel us to acknowledge the claims of audacious beggary. But the condition of things is nevertheless not quite satisfactory for England, when we think of the manner in which the country is about to be ruled for the next few weeks. Is it certain that Turkey alone takes the Roman beggar's view of the responsibilities of her ancient patron? Is it certain that there is no English statesman who would be only too glad if he had an opportunity of recognising such a view of our national obligation to the Ottoman Empire? We know that there is one English statesman who has always longed for an opportunity of playing some astonishing part in our Eastern policy. If the career of Lord Beaconsfield can be said to have had one set, unchanging purpose in it, apart from the great central duty of making Lord Beaconsfield himself a success, it is the purpose to do something splendid or showy in the affairs of the East. As romancist, as verse-maker, as speech-maker, as free-lance politician, as leader of Opposition, as Minister of State, the author of 'Vivian Grey,' the creator of Sidonia has always exhibited the same desire or determination to figure somehow in the politics of the East. We have no reason to believe that his ambition in that way has been chilled of recent years. We know, from his own speeches, how his sympathies go in the present struggle between Russia and Turkey. He has always, even within the last twelve months, talked of the Sultan as if he were the recognised ally, and the Czar as if he were the natural enemy, of England. It would, perhaps, appear to Lord Beaconsfield a brilliant *finale* to his career if he were to be the one English statesman who,

when all other hope for the Ottoman Empire seemed gone, flung the sword of England into the scale on the side of Turkey. "Come what will," were his own words, after a fall from power, "it can't be said that I was not Prime Minister of England." It is possible that Lord Beaconsfield might find consolation for any risks or failure in the fact that, come what might, history must record that he had struck a great blow for Turkey. What we wish to direct the attention of our readers to is the fact that, if he so please, Lord Beaconsfield will have the foreign policy of this country as absolutely in his own hands during many critical weeks as if he were a despotic monarch who chose to be his own Minister for Foreign Affairs. No statement made in Parliament can alter this uncomfortable fact. A daring statesman, equal to the emergencies of a *coup d'état*, could always plead that the events of the week, when a certain promise was made, were not the events of a week or two after when a new course had to be taken. Lord Beaconsfield we hold to be quite equal to the emergencies of such a *coup d'état* as might be necessary to involve this country in a war for the defence of Turkey. He may not think it desirable or needful. The events of the recess may call for no such adventure. But for some critical weeks Lord Beaconsfield will have the government of this country in his own hands, and if he should feel tempted to push England down any incline it will be in his power to follow his fancy. The country would be left innocent of the action until it was too late with any profit to condemn the deed.

THE IMPERIAL ALLIANCE.

The artificial character of the association which, the world is told, has revived the Holy Alliance, is rapidly becoming evident as the Eastern Question brings out into even stronger relief the divergent interests of the three imperial partners. Under ordinary circumstances, a merely theoretical demonstration would have sufficed to show the shallowness of the present alliance by pointing out that, whilst the Holy Alliance was concluded for the pursuit of one definite and common object, the present one was entered into with the vague object of the general preservation of the European peace. But now that words and phrases are so often made to do duty for facts, it should be constantly borne in mind that, were the alliance a reality, the peace of Europe could only be broken by one of the three members who guarantee it. Either the Alliance is a reality in the sense the world is asked to regard it—for the general benefit; or it is but a temporary diplomatic fiction which may be demolished at any given moment; or, finally, it may be a strictly personal arrangement—a mutual assurance association for the defence of imperial privileges.

With this last alternative we have at present nothing to do. And as the first is already disposed of by the fact that the peace has been broken—and that by one of the peace-guaranteeing Powers—we are forced to accept the second alternative that the Alliance is no more than a temporary expedient, called forth chiefly, if not entirely, by the Franco-German relations and the desire of Russia to profit by them.

But although the Alliance may be but a temporary expedient—a diplomatic fiction—such temporary expedients frequently lead to permanent results. An example of such a case was afforded by the temporary and artificial alliance of Prussia and Austria in the Danish War. Everybody knew that this alliance was a fiction. Nevertheless it resulted in the incorporation of Schleswig-Holstein with Germany; and it is now feared that similar fictions may lead to results prejudicial to the interests of two of the Powers who are engaged in keeping up these fictions. In short, it is feared that the Imperial Alliance may lead to the establishment of a state of things on the Lower Danube which would be opposed to the interests of Germany and Austria. Thus endeavours are being made to emancipate these two Powers from the trammels imposed upon them by the Alliance, but the question is as to which of the two is to take the first step. Who, in fact, is to bell the cat? Prussia evidently is disinclined to undertake the task, and Austria is equally unwilling to take the responsibility upon her own shoulders.

Thus we find Prussia urging Austria on; but the more she urges, the more Austria holds back and relies on the strength she feels in the anxiety of Germany. Nor have the recent Turkish successes in any way altered the political situation. On the contrary, they have rather increased than diminished its dangers; and from all sides Austria is warned that the defeat of the Russians at Plevna may lead, either to the action of Servia, to the private conclusion of a peace between Turkey and Russia, or to an increased oppression of the Christians on the part of the triumphant Turks. Either of these results would be prejudicial to German and Austrian interests; and it is very satisfactory to find the *Pester Lloyd* and *Correspondance Hongroise* saying that the partial as well as the prospective mobilisation of Austro-Hungarian troops is intended quite as much for a warning to Turkey as to Russia. "The reforms," states the *Correspondance Hongroise*, "which were embodied in Count Andrassy's Note *must* be carried out. Who will guarantee that the Porte, in the flush of its success, may not be tempted to take steps which would destroy the influence of Austria in the South Slavonic provinces belonging to the monarchy? Who will guarantee the Christians from renewed massacres? Europe could not afford to look quietly upon such a spectacle, and Austria will certainly insist upon the reforms for the amelioration of the fate of the Christian provinces."

Meanwhile, however, this is only a prospective difficulty, depending on a great many "ifs." The Turks have gained two successes of a certain importance, and have delayed the issue of the struggle. It may even be granted that they have considerably deranged the Russian plans. But, unless the Russians are prepared to back out humbled from the struggle, this very derangement only adds fresh dangers to the situation, as the Turkish successes might lead to a rupture of the engagements Russia entered into with regard to Servia, and thus bring about that dissolution of the Imperial Alliance which Germany is so anxious for. Thus the *Cologne Gazette* says the conviction is rapidly gaining ground that not only has Russia undertaken the war with insufficient forces, but that political considerations and diplomatic engagements will have to yield to the necessities of the military situation, and that consequently the Russians would gladly welcome a Servian diversion in their favour against Osman Pasha. The Prussian paper then continues:—"For weeks Russian diplomacy made a fool of Europe with the most contradictory accounts regarding the passage of the Danube by the Roumanian troops. That the Roumanians would remain in their defensive positions on the left bank of the Danube formed a part of the Reichstadt convention, and, as a promise given to the Emperor Francis Joseph by the Czar, forms also an integral condition of the Imperial Alliance. And when General Ignatieff, in the face of accomplished facts, states that there is no military alliance between Russia and Roumania, we," says the *Cologne Gazette*, "have had enough of such hypocrisy." It is then pointed out that the interference of Servia, or the use of Servian territory by Russian or Roumanian troops, would involve Austria's repudiation of her engagement to the Porte that she would not allow either eventuality to take place, in consequence of which the Porte abstained from the occupation of Kladovo. Then the *Cologne Gazette* concludes with a remarkable sentence. After pointing out that Count Andrassy has been empowered to call out four divisions at whatever moment he may consider necessary, it says:—"The next few days will show whether Count Andrassy will keep his engagements, or whether he will watch on the frontier for the preservation of peace until General Horvatovich has already fallen upon the Turkish army under Osman Pasha."

These words, we think, furnish a clue of a considerable value to the German policy as regards the East. The words express a hope and a warning at the same time. The hope is that Austria will prevent *vi et armis* any action of Servia's against the Porte; whilst the warning is that in case she does not prevent it, but allows Count Andrassy to coquet with Russia, Germany will be obliged to abandon her attitude of Platonic benevolence towards Russia, and transform the Imperial Alliance from a triune fiction into a dual reality, which will impose upon her the necessity of attending, not only to Prussian and North-German interests, but to German interests generally. This is made very clear indeed to the Austrian understanding. It is unmistakably pointed out that Austria's place in the Imperial Alliance might, under circumstances, be advantageously filled by Italy, and the restraint which Germany invisibly exercises upon the Slavonic population of Austria be removed to an extent that would lead to the collapse of the Empire.

From all this it appears tolerably conclusive that the Imperial Alliance depends upon a very thin thread; and it must be remembered that, apart from any internal elements of discord, there are external enemies enough who would be but too glad to break it down. For this object the whole of the Ultramontane party would unite, and trust to the chances of a universal European war to better their position. But the more we regard the matter, the more we resolve the various complications one by one into their constituent elements, the less able are we to see what possible interest Great Britain can have in engaging in the conflict. Nor, beyond the liberation of the Christians from Turkish oppression, can we see that England has any duty to perform; and even in that case it would have to be made very clear that duty was not being simply put forward to cover other interests and other issues at an expense out of proportion to the object, and in order to save Germany from a real or imaginary evil. That is to say, if Germany and Austria consider a regulation of the Turkish Danubian provinces indispensable for the assurance of their interests, there is no reason why England should do their work for them in order to save the Imperial Alliance from collapsing through Imperial disputes. Whether such a collapse can be avoided or not, or what form the Alliance may eventually assume, will probably have been determined at the interview between the two Emperors at Ischl.

PANSLAVONIAN TONGUES.

The similarities and dissimilarities of the various Slav dialects, to and from each other, are very puzzling to the foreigner who has made himself passably acquainted with one of them, and trusts to his knowledge to carry him through the various countries where the rest are spoken. He then finds, if he is trusting to Polish, that his knowledge is of very little use in Russia or in the Servian and Bulgarian provinces; and by the time that he has acquired a knowledge of Servian, he finds that, though Russian is not quite so strange a tongue, still he is unable to carry on a conversation with a Czech. The contention of the Panslavonians, therefore, that there is no greater difference between the Slav dialects than there is between the dialects of France or Germany is apt to strike one as considerably exaggerated. The enthusiastic Panslavist, however, at once replies that this is an entirely erroneous impression, due to the foreigner's not having studied the various dialects, and being consequently unable to perceive their identity. The objection that the very necessity of a study of these dialects proves their non-identity does not weigh in the least with the Panslavist. Such study, he asserts, should form an integral portion of every Slav's education, but he will not acknowledge that this is still only a desideratum until he has been quite driven into a corner, and forced to confess that the difference between a dialect and a language is that whilst the dialect speaker is always able to speak the standard language of his country, there is no obligation for the speaker of one language to be able to speak another. Thus the Catalan, who habitually prefers speaking his own favourite *patois*, is always able to speak Spanish; but there is many a Basque who cannot speak a word of Spanish or French. Plattdeutsch is very similar to Dutch, but though the Plattdeutscher is always able to speak German, he is not able to speak Dutch. Spanish and Basque, Dutch and German, are distinct languages; but Catalan and Low German—Plattdeutsch—are dialects; and the Panslavist's contention is that all the Slav languages are equally dialects. But when he is asked what the standard language is, the reply varies with his nationality. M. Aksákoff would at once answer Russian. Prince Czartoriski or Prince Lubomirski would reply Polish. Herr Skrejschowski would say Czech. M. Mijatovich would stoutly insist upon Servian, and Cardinal Mihailovich claim Croatian for the standard tongue. Others, like Bishop Strossmayer, would still deny any fundamental differences, and assert that all that is required to furnish the Slav races with one common tongue is a judicious arrangement of the grammar and the choice of a common alphabet. Nothing could be droller than to compare Bishop Strossmayer's statement that there is really no difference in the various dialects beyond the alphabet, with the fact that he is obliged to talk French, German, or Italian with Count Drohojowski, his secretary, a Polish nobleman, who might be seen working hard to master the mysteries of the Servian tongue, in order to prepare himself for his *cure* at Belgrade. And not only was he unable to talk Servian, but he was equally unable to converse in Croat, and had to speak German with his colleague Canon Voršak and others.

But there are other facts of historical notoriety which prove that there must be a very fundamental difference between many of the Slav languages. For instance, the rigour with which the Russian Government excludes Polish from the national schools, and makes the secret teaching of the language an offence against the law. No less great is the rivalry between the academies at Agram and Belgrade. And, finally, there is the evidence of the Czar and the Czarina themselves, who, in reply to a deputation in 1867, expressed their sorrow that the Slav races were not in possession of a common alphabet and a common orthography. In addition, the Czar said to this deputation:—"We have always regarded the Serbs as our brethren, and I hope your affairs will soon take a more favourable turn. Meanwhile, I welcome you all, my beloved Slavonic brethren, on this our common Slavonic soil, and hope you will be satisfied with your reception in Moscow and St. Petersburg." The deputation, be it remembered, to which these words were spoken, consisted of Austrian, Servian, and Turkish Slavs.

Now, taking the Imperial words literally, the mere fact of these Slav races being linguistically divided by different alphabets and orthographies alone shows a considerable difference between them; and this difference becomes still more glaring when we consider the possibility of the imperial wish being fulfilled. There are three alphabets in use amongst the Slavs. The Russians, Ruthenes, Montenegrins, and Serbs employ the same Cyrillian character. The Bulgarians make use of an ancient form of this alphabet, whilst the rest of the Slavs, both north and south of the Danube, have adopted the Roman letters with the addition of various accents—the acute, grave, inverted circumflex, and others—in order to represent the combinations of letters which corresponded to the number of sounds used by the Slavs, for which the Roman alphabet possesses no single equivalents. This modified Roman alphabet is thus a bastard product for which there is really no excuse except in so far as it may save time. But it is very questionable whether it is easier to write "Černavoda" than it is to write "Tchernavoda" or "Chernavoda"; it would be the same as if we were to write *muč* instead of "much," or *šall* instead of "shall," whilst still keeping the characters *c*, *s*, and *h* for other combinations. In short, all these signs and accents with which the Poles, Czechs,

Croats, and Slovaks have, burdened the Roman alphabet are scarcely more than national vanities which could only be justified by the national importance of the races indulging in them, and it can scarcely be expected that the vast Slavic majority of Russians, Serbs, Montenegrins and Bulgarians, should give up one of their great national characteristics—the Cyrillian alphabet—in exchange for a bastard Roman alphabet. Whether the world would not be a gainer by their doing so, and whether the Roman alphabet would not be made to represent Slavic sound without an encumbering mass of accentual excrescences, is of course another question to which there would be different replies. But there is no doubt that from a national and Slavic point of view the Russian alphabet would afford by far the best medium for Slavic intercourse. As Dr. Carl Abel says in an article on the subject in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Czechs and Poles would gain as much by using the Cyrillian letters as the Russian and Serbs would lose by adopting the Czech-Polish alphabet.

But whilst there would be no difficulty in adapting the various Slavic languages to the Cyrillian character, the introduction of a common orthography presents far more difficulties. It is true that the Slavic idioms are closely related, and have many roots in common; but in very many cases not only are the roots very different but also the endings, prefixes, and other inflexions. Generally speaking, the roots, even when they are identical, possess different endings in the different idioms. Thus we find that the Russian for "to smoke" is *Kur-iti*, the Polish, *Kur-zič*, so that whilst the root *Kur* might be subjected to one common orthography, a choice between Russian and Polish would have to be made for the ending. Still less possible would it be to find one common form for the Russian *tem-ny*, the Polish *ciem-ny*, and the Serb *czer-ny*, "dark," or for the Russian, *sve-ti*, and the Serb *sev-ati*, "to gleam," or for the Russian *žeč-i* and the Slovak *Kuh-ati*, "to burn, glow, roast."

But the difficulties presented by these more or less awkward forms are small in comparison to those which arise when the word not only differs in form but also in meaning. The reduction of the Slovene *kutati* and the Russian *žigati* to one common form would be useless as long as the former signified "to cook" and the latter "to burn." The Russian cook would have to be pitied if, in obedience to her Slovene master's orders to cook the fowl, she were to burn it instead! What would be the use, again, of reducing the Serb *disati* and the Slovene *zdihati* to one common spelling as long as one word means "to breathe" and the other "to sigh"? But so it is throughout. Words which average the same signification are just as rare as the words averaging the same form. And not only this, but the development of one root assumes widely different proportions amongst the various families, and to a much greater extent than is the case in other European languages.

For instance, whilst such words as *voda*, "water"; *kraj*, "edge"; *koza*, "goat"; *dati*, "to give," &c., are the same in Russian and Servian, the roots of other words have received a different development. Thus the Russian *udariti*, "to push, knock," becomes *turiti* in Servian; *polk*, "a company," becomes *puk*; *zli*, "wicked," becomes *zao*; *boloto*, "swamp," becomes *blato*—with the additional equivalent of *mlaka*; *seči*, "to break," becomes *tuči*, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The establishment, therefore, of one common standard for all the Slav tongues would be no easy undertaking. The difficulties will be best realised by supposing a plan set on foot for a Pan-Teutonic language, comprising German, English, Dutch, and the Scandinavian tongues. It would be found that the first difficulty would be to induce the Germans to abandon their peculiar alphabet, or the English and Dutch to abandon the Roman alphabet whilst the Swedes and Norwegians agreed to give up their peculiar accentuation and compound letters. This having been accomplished, say, in favour of the English alphabet, the next step would be to introduce a common orthography. The simple words would first be disposed of by groups, varying according to their differences. The beginning would be made with those words identical in sound and meaning, but differing in spelling, such as: fish, *Fisch*; stool, *Stuhl*; mouse, *Maus*; house, *Haus*; sour, *Sauer*; beer, *Bier*, &c. In these words it is clear that one nation must yield to the other or compromise—say, "sour" become *sauer*, and "stuhl" become *stul*—the *h* being superfluous even according to German views, *wohl* frequently being written *wol*. The next step would be to take the words identical in spelling and meaning, but differing in pronunciation, such as:—land, *Land*; hand, *Hand*; band, *Band*; brand, *Brand*; stand, *Stand*; all, *All*; ball, *Ball*; fall, *Fall*; stall, *Stall*, &c. To harmonise the difference of pronunciation it would be necessary to determine the quantity of the letter *a*. Then it would be necessary to determine the quantity of the other vowels, and to decide whether the English *i* should represent the German *ei*, or *vice versâ*—whether "fine" should not be written *Fein*, or *Schein* be expressed by "shine," and so on with the rest of the vowels and diphthongs. After this had been settled, the consonants would have their turn, and the interchanges of *d*, *t*, *v*, *f*, *p*, *b*, have to be fixed. Thus, whether Garden or *Garten*; hard or *hart*; before or *bevor*, should be the standard. And when all this, and much more which is very simple, is satisfactorily settled, there would be the question of the development of the various roots. In such a series as—

English—to flee	to fly	fledgling	flutter
German—*fliehen*	*fliegen*	*Vogel*	*flattern*

the question would arise as to which development would have to be the standard, and also as to what is to become of the English word "bird." Would that disappear in favour of *Vogel* or *vice versâ*, or would they both have to be adopted? Or for instance in a series like—

English—to flow	float	flood	flush
German—*fliessen*	*Floss*	*Fluth*	—

what part would these words play in the standard tongue? Would "float" take the form of *floss* with its signification of "raft," or the verb "to float" be retained as it has no equivalent in German beyond *schwimmen*, "to swim"? And, finally, would "flush" (in the sense of sousing), for which there is no similarly sounding expression in German, also become one of the standard words?

The difficulties in the way of establishing a standard Panslavonian tongue will now be evident from this comparison, but, on the other hand, it must not be considered as an impossibility. It is a question of power. It is a question as to which language is entitled by its development and literature to form the standard, and then, as to whether the race speaking this language possesses the power to force the others to accept it. There can be no doubt that the Russian tongue fulfils the first conditions. It is well developed; it is a rich and a powerful language, and it possesses a noteworthy literature—a literature, which, though young, has already taken no mean place amongst the literatures of the world. The Poles and Czechs, it is true, possess tolerably developed languages and a certain literature, but they cannot be compared to the Russian; whilst the Croats, Serbs, Bulgarians, Slovaks, and Slovenes have neither a grammatically fixed language nor any literatures. They could therefore only gain by being grafted on to the Russian tongue and literature. The Poles and Czechs, it is true, might also advance a claim to establish the standard, but here the second consideration comes into play. Have they the political power? Clearly not. But assuming that Servia, Bulgaria, Croatia, and Bohemia were incorporated with Russia, there can scarcely be any doubt that their own linguistic differences would speedily disappear in the Russian tongue, a process that would be forwarded in no small degree by the wonderful facility the Slavic races possess in acquiring other tongues. The difficulties which would be almost insuperable in the way of amalgamating English and German would scarcely be felt by the Slavs. Giving up *ciem-ny* or *czer-ny* for *tem-ny* would not incommode them in the least if they once sacrificed their little national vanities in the distinction

of their languages, or if they were forced to abandon them by the strong hand Russia has made felt in Poland, in Lithuania, and in Finland. If by such means the Germans in Alsatia were turned into Frenchmen; if by such means these Frenchmen are to be turned again into Germans; if similar processes were and are carried on in Schleswig-Holstein, what is there to prevent the Russians from achieving the same success, especially when the differences in the languages are so much slighter? There is nothing to prevent it. On the contrary, granted the power, it would be the most natural process. The only thing which could prevent it would be the national jealousies of the various families. Hence the great error of the Austrians in trying to stifle the national tongue and literature of their Slavonic subjects instead of forwarding them, and thus making Czech, Pole, and Croat less willing to merge their own national languages in another, though a kindred one. This also explains how political Panslavism and literary Panslavism act and re-act on each other; how one is impossible without the other; and, the chances of success being so much in its favour, why the Germans regard Panslavism with such horror. Hence the German's fear of Russia as the one Power which might make Panslavism a reality—a fear, which, if more dignified, is far deeper than the panic the very mention of Russia is apt to produce in England, and which advocates the establishment of minor Slavonic States along the Danube, with Austria's becoming a Slavonic Power, as the best means of erecting a charmed barrier between them and the Panslavonic spectre.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

An essay containing such statements as these—that the Union was, in the time of the writer, some twenty years ago, "the most valuable institution in Oxford;" that "it is conceivable that there may be things less to be respected than the 'Public School Latin Primer,' and the common sense of those who devised it as 'milk for babes'"; that "schoolmasters have come to identify Greek and Latin literature with literature itself, and have turned into the daily bread of our youth what is only fit for dessert"; that "for the general purposes of life the study of mathematics is the most barren of all studies," cannot be correctly described as Conservative in respect of our existing system of education. And yet Mr. Grant Duff's paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "A Plea for a Rational Education," in which these expressions occur, is decidedly Conservative in its tendency, because it attacks the most democratic of all our institutions. Our existing system of Public School and University instruction is one of those merciful provisions of Providence by which the advantage of rich and poor are in some degree equalised. By consenting to put their children through this educational mill, the rich renounce with indolent generosity the advantage of a superior training which their wealth might enable them to secure. Instead of exerting themselves to fit their children for taking or holding a leading position in the country, they hand them over to instructors to be brought up as if their main object in life were to be the settlement of various recondite questions of artificial interest, tracing the ramifications of verbal roots, determining niceties in the usage of a dead language, correcting the errors of manuscript copyists. Good-natured Dives is told by the educational authorities that this is training his son's mind, and he believes them. It must be confessed that the authorities themselves believe what they say—that it is only unconsciously and by force of habit that they act as the insidious champions of democracy. They believe that their system is good, because they never have seriously considered whether it is good or bad; and even when their faith has been shaken, it is reassured by the practical difficulties in the way of making a general change. There are always some Cabinet Ministers who have passed unscathed through public school and University, and they can appeal to them as glorious results of the system. The general mind is not analytical, and they are perfectly safe from any inquiry as to whether the success of politicians has been achieved by the help of their classical education, or by a native energy strong enough to overcome the effects of that excellent mental discipline. Thus the managers of the educational mill remain oblivious to the fact that there are thousands of individuals, starting with every prospect of an agreeable and useful life, who have good reason to curse the Revival of Ancient Learning, followed as it was by the elaboration of the system for feeding—or rather starving—youthful minds on its husks.

Papers on education are generally unsatisfactory from their taking too wide a range. Mr. Grant Duff has avoided this by setting before himself a distinct and limited aim. He has in view the education of those children who can afford to continue at their general education till the age of twenty-one or twenty-two without looking forward to business or any of the learned professions—the favourites of fortune who, to use his phrase, "can have all the chances," boys who are intended to be "politicians, or diplomatists, or country gentlemen, or members of the higher walks of the civil service and the bar, or bankers, or merchants in a large way of business, or men of letters of the highest kind." And he is careful to state and insist repeatedly upon the statement that it is no part of his object to consider how to develop Admirable Crichtons. Systems of education are not framed for giants, but for ordinary mortals, and Mr. Grant Duff makes it plain that in his suggestions he is concerned with the average mortal in the class of people who can have every educational advantage that wealth can purchase. How to give the average English gentleman the proper advantages of his position, so as to make his life as agreeable as possible to himself and as useful as possible to his countrymen, how to train our wealthy youth into cultivated and useful men, who shall be neither prigs nor young barbarians, is the purpose of Mr. Grant Duff's sermon. A sermon it may truly be called, and a very rousing one, addressed to indolent parents by a preacher who is almost angry at seeing those who can have all the chances deliberately throwing them away, and thereby not merely doing an injustice to their children, but seriously impoverishing the richness of our national life.

Although Mr. Grant Duff's scheme of study is framed for those who have all the chances, and are more or less in the position of Mr. Pater's ideal man with plenty of leisure to search for fresh pulsations and nothing but unwisdom to prevent them from seeing and knowing all the best and most beautiful things that Nature has provided or human ingenuity devised in the world, it is worth considering by persons who are less fortunately placed, because it may help them to make the more of the chances they do have. It may reassure those who start back from everything new to them as a wilful paradox, to know that Mr. Grant Duff is not an iconoclast in the educational Pantheon, that he retains his reverence for the scholastic gods. He only wishes to suggest a radical change in their rites and ceremonies, and the times and occasions of their worship. There are reformers who go farther than Mr. Grant Duff, and protest against the waste of human force upon things which are at the best but ignoble stimulations for the intellect and famine rations for the sense of bounty. But he is none of these; he is perfectly catholic towards any intellectual effort in which people take pleasure. If a man finds his highest delight in the solution of algebraic problems or the mastery of Greek particles, he would have such an one by all means helped on the road to his happiness. Mr. Grant Duff has, indeed, one *bête noire*—he draws the line of his toleration at Latin and Greek composition, but generally it is the order and the direction rather than the subjects of education that he desires to change. He protests against being supposed to be an enemy of the classics; he only disputes the wisdom of the present school methods of teaching them, if the process can be dignified by such a name, is strongly convinced that it is a mistake to teach Latin and Greek to everybody, and

is of opinion that a great deal that is enlightening may be learnt about the ancient world without knowing the languages. His educational principle is that we should proceed from the known and the interesting to the unknown and the artificially interesting. A knowledge of Egyptian hieroglyphics, for example, may be capable of yielding a vast amount of satisfaction to its possessor, but we do not use them as the most efficacious and thorough means of teaching the English alphabet or a school discipline, without which no mind can be considered to be properly trained. Mr. Grant Duff's ideally educated boy would know no Latin or Greek, unless his ardour led him to acquire them of his own motion, till he was fourteen or fifteen. In the matter of foreign languages he would begin by learning French from his *bonne*. This, of course, is possible only for children who have some if not all of the advantages in life; but another of Mr. Grant Duff's recommendations, arising out of the same general principle, may be applied under any circumstances, namely, that children should be taught from the first to know the names and properties of the things around them. The main idea in his paper is that the chief aim of all education should be geography in the widest sense of the word—earth-knowledge, knowledge of the globe in which we live, the diverse forms and forces of Nature, the books, institutions, habits, and industries of men. This is beyond doubt the true basis for an education which shall augment to the utmost its possessor's possibilities of enjoyment and usefulness. Mr. Grant Duff's paper is full of useful suggestions in detail, but even those who do not accept his details, and he especially disclaims meaning them as anything more than an indication of what might be done, must admit the value of the service he has done in stimulating the routine of education by holding up before it a high conception of its methods and aims.

HOW TO IMPROVE SICILY.

In a former article we gave a short sketch of the state of public security in Sicily, pointing out the various classes of criminals by whom society in that island is plagued, and the curious complexity as well as the wide extent of the evil. That there is no broad line separating the criminal from the law-abiding part of the population, that the greater number of the latter are more or less in collusion with the former, that crimes of violence do not shock the moral sentiment of the people, that a perverted sense of honour prevails which puts a dirty mark on witnesses or jurymen who do their duty, that bloodshed makes a man respected and not loathed, that an injured man loses caste by seeking legal instead of violent redress for his wrongs—are facts which indicate the peculiar character of society in Sicily and the exceptional difficulties which stand in the way of its amendment. The good advice which is freely tendered to the Italian Government by foreign cities seldom takes much account of these facts. Indeed, the mental condition of men to whom law and honour wear this aspect is so alien from anything we are familiar with, that it requires, even after we have got at our facts, some effort of the imagination to conceive of it as a living reality. These facts, with their causes and connexion, have been for the first time fully put within the reach of all who are interested in the subject by the praiseworthy labours of Signors Franchetti and Sonnino. These gentlemen, both thoroughly qualified for the task they undertook, have carefully studied on the spot the morbid social phenomena which the island presents, and have published the result of their studies in a work which ought to be read by everyone who cares for Italian politics. The first volume treats chiefly of the political state of the island; the second, that by Signor Sonnino, of the condition of the peasantry.

Here, too, the aspect of things is anything but cheerful. The whole question of the tenure and cultivation of land is fully discussed by Signor Sonnino. The various forms of tenure and methods of cultivation which prevail in Sicily suggest many questions of great interest, which cannot here be dealt with even in outline. A few facts bearing on the condition of the agricultural population may, however, be quoted. In the first place, education, even in the most elementary form, is unknown among them. Of the 13 per cent. of the whole population of the island who can read and write, none whatever, we are told, belong to the peasantry. It is obvious how difficult self-help is to men in this condition, and what opportunities for oppression are put in the hands of those who profit by their helplessness. Secondly, the houses of the agricultural poor (which, by the way, are with us by no means always to be boasted of), consist for the most part of a single room, with one door and no window, in which father, mother, brothers, and sisters sleep together with the fowls and the pig, where the owner is fortunate enough to possess so much live stock. On the physical and moral effects of this it is needless to dwell. The absolute necessity of a change in this respect is rightly insisted on by Signor Sonnino; and as the poor have not, and cannot yet hope to acquire, the means of building better houses for themselves, these houses must, in the first instance, be built for them. Again, the fact that the labourer only receives the remuneration for his labour—in whatever form it may be paid—at long intervals, forces him in the meanwhile, as he has no capital of his own, to have recourse to the money-lenders, described as the canker-worm of the island. To them he pays interest to the tune of 50 per cent. per annum. In the case of a bad harvest, he is completely at their mercy, being unable to pay his taxes, or to meet the current expenses of daily life, without their help. And in the event of a good crop, the poor man, what with his want of capital and the badness of the means of transport, is again at the mercy of the nearest *camorra* of brokers, to whom he is forced to sell his produce at whatever price it may please them to fix. The wealthier man can, of course, afford to wait, or to send his corn or what not to a market where it will fetch a fair price. It is only natural that this condition of things should react on the state of public security. It reacts also fatally on the local administration and taxation. The agricultural class, having no education, no vote, and no legal means of making good its claims, is without any guarantee that its interests will be taken into consideration by those who rule it. To give a single instance, we find that beasts of burden—horses, mules, and donkeys—which are among the chief treasures of the peasantry, pay a relatively exorbitant tax, while the horned cattle, belonging exclusively to the wealthier proprietors, pay comparatively little, or even get off scot free. In the year 1874 the tax on beasts of burden yielded four times as much as the tax on horned cattle. The same spirit runs through the whole system of local taxation and excise. It is not surprising to read that the money thus wrung from the poor is spent on everything but what can do them any good. They are as helpless to settle how it shall be spent as to settle how it is to be obtained. Thus, in districts where there are no decent roads or schools, where there does not exist a doctor, and where the peasant, if he falls ill, is left to die like a dog, it is considered necessary to build a theatre at the public expense, or to spend extravagant sums of money on a municipal ball. We are told of a sub-prefect who was much troubled in his mind because the labourers in his district went so far as to ask, at certain seasons of the year, wages to the amount of two and a-half or three francs a-day. He recommended, accordingly, that the law should put a stop to this abuse by fixing a maximum of wages, and at the same time favoured the construction of a theatre at the public cost, on the philosophical ground that it would give employment to labour. These facts are typical of many more with which the pages of our authorities are filled. The utter helplessness of those who till the soil in the hands of the few who own it, contrasts strangely—almost ludicrously—with the freedom, prestige, and authority enjoyed by the professionally criminal classes. But the contrast is not without its tragical side.

It will be enough to indicate very briefly some of the

measures which have been, by way of cure for all this, proposed. So far as concerns the question of public safety, the following are the two chief proposals:—First, the men charged with the police administration should be, to a great extent, natives of the mainland of Italy, not of the island. The want of local experience, which they bring with them, will be corrected by keeping them for a longer period in Sicily than has been usual hitherto, and the gain will be priceless of exchanging an official class brought up in the traditions of a lawless and corrupt society for one familiar with the administration of an orderly State. Next, it is proposed to abolish the jury for many years to come. Whatever its value may be in a civilised country, in a society like the Sicilian it can only serve as a bar to justice. Where the juryman's sympathies are habitually on the side of the criminal, or where, even when they are not, he dare not bring him in guilty, trial by jury is a farce. The inexorable administration of justice, without fear or favour, would, in the course of years, create in the minds of the people the belief that, after all, the ultimate appeal lies with the law, and not with the law-breakers. As regards the condition of the agricultural labourers, a Land Act is advised analogous to that passed for Ireland, but of course adapted to the special conditions which exist in Sicily; further, a complete reform of local taxation, and a more equitable distribution of public burdens; the establishment of efficient schools for the people, the improvement of the means of communication, the badness of which is one great hindrance to any social advance, and the appointment of a commission to watch over the execution of these reforms. That they would, if honestly carried out, make a profound difference to the island, cannot be doubted, and yet there is not a hopeful ring in the language of their advocates. They seem to urge these remedies as the only possible, but by no means certain, cure.

It cannot be doubted that the state of Sicily constitutes a grave danger for the young Italian kingdom. What England has had to face in Ireland, Italy has had to face in a far more complicated and aggravated form in Sicily. Nor can it be hoped that any great change for the better will take place soon. Many of the evils which have been described are of such a kind that the most drastic remedies cannot cure them in a day. Many of them are so rooted in the habits and, it may almost be said, in the conscience of the people that, so far as the present generation of Sicilians are concerned, they may be considered incurable. What a complete change in the circumstances of the next generation might effect, cannot be foretold. It is by no means certain that this change will take place. It never can take place at all till the Italian people are, what at present they are not, in earnest about the matter. Much of the transformation, if it ever does come about, must necessarily be effected by moral rather than by political means. Still, there is a large part of the reform which lies within the sphere of legislative and administrative action. And here the reformer finds himself in a fresh hobble. When he has settled what are the best means to attain the desired end, and lays them before the Italian Parliament, the Sicilian deputies, of whom there are enough to turn the scale on a division, and upset a Ministry they dislike, vote as one man against any Government which dares to deal seriously with the evils from which the island suffers. In this hopeless circle the question at present revolves. Those who ought to be at work to cure the disease deny that it exists, or have some personal interest in fostering it. Yet all experience shows that if these evils are not attended to in time, they cure themselves in a way not pleasant to those who have neglected them. If the wealthy class in Sicily persists in taking no human care for those who are dependent on it, it will some day find to its cost that the protectoriate can help itself. So long as people are themselves comfortable, they believe in the good-natured God who never sends in a bill. Nevertheless, the account will be presented in due season, and will have to be paid with compound interest.

SHORT STUDIES FROM INDIA.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

We are on board the steamer, eastward bound, and with steam and tide she rapidly goes down the Southampton river. We sight the Isle of Wight, and watch the setting sun patch with gold the corn-fields, and the blue shadows creep over the swelling uplands. The yachts, with their grey sails filled with light, are going home to Cowes. We are leaving home and friends, and tender hearts that care for us. Painful reveries, however, are destroyed by the ringing of a bell, and dinner—that great business of existence—recalls us to the prose of life. But dinner with us is a solemn farce, for we have passed the Needles, and the ship has already begun to be rocked in the cradle of the deep. The next few days of our existence can be briefly but graphically described. We were sea-sick, and we hated those who were well and ate very largely. "After many storms a calm." So says the old proverb, and so we proved as we left the Bay of Biscay behind us, and in the morning saw a brilliant sunrise glow on the lofty rock of Gibraltar, and the outlines of the African mountains traced in clear fine lines. We go ashore, and through gates and over ditches we enter the most unassailable fortress of the world. In the principal street we are struck by the curious blending of British prose and Spanish-Moorish romance. Here we see the red-coated British soldier, with his solemn step, and the gay Andalusian with velvet hat and embroidered jackets, with jaunting stride walking down the street. Spanish ladies, with graceful mantillas and glowing eyes, are going to their morning bath. Highly picturesque are the men of Tangier and Fez in their glowing garments of rich colours. Here an artist might find abundant studies for his portfolio. We drive through the main street on our way to see the famous rock galleries. The rough-hewn caves with their monster guns were certainly impressive, but one would not care to live in them during a continuous cannonade.

We left Gibraltar at 9 A.M., and for an hour we stood on deck and watched the giant sun-baked rock which frowns over the Mediterranean. We also gaze with delight on the beautiful forms clad in deep blue of the grand range of Sierra Nevada. The daily routine of life at sea has now begun. To be dreamy and dreary is the normal lot of the voyager. It is strange to what a state of idiocy the intellect is quickly reduced, and how peacefully the change is borne. It does not at sea seem so inscrutable a dispensation of Providence as it seems on land that so many human beings should be born without brains. How to fill up the time is the great problem at sea? It is impossible to eat all day or play at cards. Neither can most Englishmen smoke all day—and even an art critic cannot talk all day. Flirting, like all sublunary pleasures, if carried to excess, is liable to pall; and ladies on board ship are very limited in quantity. To notice the little peculiarities of your fellow-passengers affords pleasure for a short time, but unfortunately one is painfully conscious of the fact that they are enjoying the same study. Board-ship is an atmosphere of small pleasures. The sight of a distant sail throws the whole deck into a state of wild excitement, and fierce is the argument as to what she is. Reading is the best way of getting through the trial of a long voyage. But then it is difficult to know what book to choose. It is impossible to indulge in a book which demands thought when every few minutes you are asked for a light, or someone wishes to know if you have got their chair. However, it is soothing to the mind and body to sit on a fine day on deck, and to feel the waves dashing against the ship, and to read the "Earthly Paradise." The evening is the most pleasant time on board ship. Lamps are hung from the awning roof, and the pianoforte on deck is played, and the old familiar songs are sung, and the chorus is taken up by an unseen audience. Then no one can describe the solemn nightly beauties of the Mediterranean, with the stars overhead and the ocean in sparkles below, and the soft atmosphere around. On one day of the week the monotony of a long voyage

is broken, for Sunday is not quite like other days. There is plum pudding at dinner, and no cards are allowed. The heathen crew, in clean picturesque dresses, is mustered on deck, and, after they have been dismissed, service is read. The silvery melody of the language of the old familiar prayers chimes like church bells to the ears, and brings back memories of home. It was Landor who said that the Prayer Book was the sanctuary of our faith and our language. Its familiar English words bind Englishmen together in every quarter of the globe.

On the morning of the seventh day after leaving Gibraltar we anchored in Malta harbour, and the noise and clamour of the Maltese boatmen squabbling in an unknown jargon for the honour of landing passengers formed a scene of most perfect confusion. We go ashore, and "the cursed streets of stairs" soon call forth our energies. Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the style of architecture which prevails; the projecting balconies break the monotonous regularity of outline which strikes one so painfully in an English street. Then the interminable steps are much more satisfactory to look at artistically than to climb, and the people dress in a manner which pleases the æsthetic soul. The auberges are fine buildings; and where the proud knights of Castile once resided, the British subaltern now enjoys his quarters. The palace, which formerly belonged to the Grand-Master, is now occupied by the Governor, and on visiting it we are shown some curious tapestries, and the armour of the knights. There were giants in those days, judging from the size and weight of what the gentlemen wore. In the afternoon we leave Malta, and for four days we glide over a blue sea, calm as glass. It was on the morning of the eleventh day after leaving Southampton that we passed up between the long breakwaters, built of huge blocks of concrete, loosely piled together, and came to anchorage off Port Said. Port Said is a town which has grown up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. A few years ago it was a barren, marshy sandbank, but now a garden of some beauty occupies the centre of the French town, which owns some four or six hotels and some good French shops. After having satisfied the quarantine officers, and paid the Canal dues, we started at 7 A.M. on our journey down the great new river. All the morning our course lay along the banks of Lake Menzaleh, from whose broad waters the Canal is separated only by a narrow belt of sand. On the left hand we got glimpses of the sea and white sails, pink with the light of the sun. We proceeded at the rate of about three miles an hour. Sand—hot, burning, barren sand—is on each side of us. In the far distance we see a lake glittering in the sunlight, and purple clouds are resting on the white glimmering waters. But as we approach the clouds are transformed into sandheaps studded here and there with dark stunted shrubs. We pass an Arab boat, with the skipper in blue and white seated on the prow, and the crew give us a hearty Arab yell as we go by them. We reached the village of Kantara, twenty-four miles from the entrance, at 11·46 A.M. It is here that the highroad to Syria crosses the Canal, and there is a ferry to take the camels across. The great excitement of the day is to watch the telegraph signals as we pass the different sidings or stations. At these sidings all vessels are required to halt till it is certified that no ship coming in a contrary direction has entered the next division of the Canal. Telegraphic communication is established between all the stations, at each of which vessels receive their orders and general information by means of a simple code of signals—a black pennant, a blue one, a white flag with black cross, and three balls, run up in varied order conveying all needful comments on the state of the roadway and of the tide. High sandbanks on each side shut out the view. At 2·30 P.M. we sight a fine summer-house on the top of the bank with broad steps leading down to the water. It was here that the ceremony of opening the Canal was performed by the assembled crowned-heads of Europe. What changes have occurred since then! The house stands silent and deserted, and she, the bright vision of that brilliant company, is now an exile. We steam into the clear blue waters of Lake Timseh, and the town of Ismalia lies stretched along the shore. We leave behind us Ismalia, and the gardens that make the desert green, and the palace of the Viceroy, and again enter the Canal. The channel becomes narrower and narrower, and the sandbanks tower above us. After four hours' steaming we emerge into the first of the Bitter Lakes, and anchor for the night. The light of the declining sun softens the brilliant whiteness of the hills, and just before he fades from sky and water the hills reflects his burning beams, and they seem mountains of fire. Then the moon rises above them like a great burning ball, and the stars shine out and silver the vast expanse of water, and there is perfect calm in earth and heaven. At dawn we were once more under weigh. We enjoyed the freshness of the morning, and we gazed with delight on the silent hills, pink with violet shades. We slowly steamed onwards through a succession of lakes, the channels being marked on either side by iron lighters. We proceed cautiously on our way through the Canal, and about 8 A.M. we see the town of Suez at the base of the great blue mountain range, and we cast anchor in its crowded harbour.

We take on board the Brindisi passengers, and in the afternoon we are quietly steaming down the Gulf of Suez. Just as the sun sets we pass the spot where, according to tradition, the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. Early next morning we saw the golden dawn brighten with its beams the grand Sinaitic range. Mount Sinai itself cannot be seen from the sea, and only from one spot along the shore is a portion of the summit visible. We saw in many places a plain of glittering sand stretching between the mountains and the sea. We passed from the narrow gulf into the broader waters of that blue sea which is misnamed Red. Our voyage of 1,200 miles down it was, to say the least, intolerable. The thermometer in the bath in the morning marked 93°, and on the deck at 11 A.M. it was over 100°. Not a breath of air stirred the waters. Ladies fainted in the saloon, and two stewards were struck down by heat apoplexy. Night brought no relief. The great problem was how long could one's physical powers and nervous energies stand the demand made on them, and who would be the first to evaporate into a cooler world. It would be impossible to reach a warmer one. We felt that we were in "the iron furnace of Egypt." It seemed to us strange how it could ever have been said of this portion of the earth that "it is good." We were delighted when we saw that wilderness of rock and sand and cinders—Aden; and dropped anchor in that dreary spot at the mouth of the Red Sea, where it only rains once in two years, and on which a green leaf is never seen.

It was blowing a hard gale when we left Aden. The flashes of lightning lit up the barren rock, and shed the brightness of day over the ship. The phosphorous stars glowed on the crests of the waves, and we seemed to be ploughing our way through a sea of gleaming fire. For two days we had a rough sea, which sadly disagreed with us, and a stiff monsoon breeze. Then the wind lulled, and the sea grew calm, and we had a delightful run, till one night we saw the flashes from the lighthouse on the Prongs, and after a voyage of twenty-seven days we were in Bombay harbour.

MRS. GRUNDY.

If ever virtuous and valuable female was ungratefully rewarded by this ungrateful world it is she. Somewhere or other, whether as a sweet little cherub aloft or a viewless messenger of air among us we know not—"perhaps no man ever *shall* know"—she takes care of us, all and individually, she watches over our cradles, she instigates our funerals, she assists us in choosing our spouses, our hats, our houses, our friends, our religion, our dinners, she inspires many and controls all of our Acts of Parliament, she breathes her afflatus into our art, she prompts our literature, our pulpit eloquence, our evening-party ballads of the affections. What should we do without her? Fancy having to settle all

the details of our lives for ourselves—which quarter of the town to live in, what sort of house to have, what furniture, how many servants, what o'clock to dine at, at which part of the dinner to have the fish. Fancy having to find out our own wishes, to create our own tastes, to propound our own code of social morals. Nine-tenths of us would have our minds like the old fresco of the man clad in a pair of shears meditating into what fashion he should cut the provision of cloths and silks spread around him for his covering, and would wait in hesitating bewilderment unprovided with ideas at all; and the remaining tenth would live in a state of perpetual variation and experiment and would be like independent hermits in a too crowded desert, each an offence to all the others, and all the others in the way of each. There would be no certainty about anything; one lady would be found at family prayers at what we thought was her hour for morning calls and scandal, one would summon us to attend her "at home" at 10 A.M.; our friends would scatter themselves round all the points of the compass wherever their whims and the house-rents drew them; we should not know when it was right and when it was wrong to be in town; we should have no idea whither to betake ourselves to meet, or if need were to avoid, our acquaintances; the butler would demand our dining at one time of day, or of night, the cook would strike for another time. Nothing would be beyond discussion; and there would be no final argument. "Everybody does it;" "Nobody does it;" "People would think it strange;" "People will think we ought"—the safe decisive phrases, to the point and unanswerable, how we should miss them in our interminable Sisypheian debates on everything to be, to do and to suffer under the sun!

We are saved from chaos by Mrs. Grundy. But her benefits do not end here; she rewards our virtues, she palliates our vices; she is the wisdom of fools, the courage of the fainthearted, the conscience of us all—Mr. Greatheart was no surer guide along the road from the City of Destruction than she through the ways of the world. And she does not lead us into bogs and brakes and uncomfortable valleys and hills, no Apollyons and Giant Despairs for her, she takes us along clean nicely rolled level highways where respectable people go and the police move on inconvenient vagabonds.

Again, she is the guardian of our domestic happiness. Fear of her censure keeps ill-assorted couples from a separation and at the same time restrains them from "heaving bricks" (metaphorically of course), at each other outside the privacy of home "to any great extent;" it checks the incipient declaration of rights of revolutionary sons and daughters chafing under the parental discipline; its prevents uncongenial relations from telling of each other except to presumably safe confidants. We inspire our little ones with meritorious conduct by impressing their dawning intelligence with a sense of her ubiquitous supervision; she is the providence of nursemaids and governesses. We look to her to store the mind of adolescence with manners and morality, and well does she repay our trust; good-humouredly lenient to young men, the fault is not hers if at times some foolhardy or dunderheaded fellow abuses his privileges and, turning against his benefactress, breaks her rule of decorum—and then how capitally she manages our girls! It is said that two or three hundred years ago English parents were noted for their severe and even cruel rule; surely the need they found for restraints and chastisements came from the absence of that gentler though stronger control by Mrs. Grundy which lightens the hands of the parents of to-day. She existed and flourished then, as she had done under her thousand names and phases since the world began, but not till railroads and conversation by newspapers made one locality of everywhere—the whole of the country suburb to the metropolis—and abolished geographical limits to neighbourly criticism, could she exercise the all-pervading and all permeating influence to which we are accustomed. And the English nature is submissive to precedent, but is not obedient; our first impulse when we are told we must do a thing is to prove the must a mistake. We will do as others do, and that with the martyr's zeal, but not upon compulsion, and not upon argument. Mrs. Grundy's whisper in our children's ears is wiser than Solomon's rod.

There are, however, many persons who regard the presiding genius of our race and of the British Constitution as a mere useless and oppressive despot, a tyrant whom they serve because they cannot choose, or whom they desperately defy for freedom's sake and fame's. There are more persons who, being her faithful votaries at heart and in deed, disparage her by word, under the strangely-mistaken conception that they thus display originality, or act concerning her as some henpecked husbands are found to act concerning their wives in order to conceal subservience. And the oddest result of Mrs. Grundy's influence is the fashion for abusing her: accustomed to do what is customary, each of us fires off his regulation volley of heresies and epigrams without any real intention of damaging her, and simply in that unreflecting obedience to her golden rule, "Do as others do," which she has made become our strongest instinct. Our very reviling is a homage. Those only have really passed from her allegiance who forget her; and they are few indeed. Her loudest assailants are but heated debaters who would fain have her on their side, defendants who are their own counsel. They are not willing to slip obscurely out of her ken; they writhe under her condemnation and kick against the pricks. They are not regardless of appearances, any more than was the fox who had parted with his tail; they wish to go tailless admired and in company. Nothing would vex them more than the indifference towards their proceedings which they demand, often in good faith, of Mrs. Grundy. "I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is it not strange?" said Benedick to the lady whom he had described as the infernal Ate in good apparel. And it must be admitted that Mrs. Grundy, on her side, is no irreconcilable Beatrice.

The fact of the matter is that in nine cases out of ten—or is it ninety-nine out of a hundred?—Mrs. Grundy's golden rule is the best for us. To refuse to do as others do is to put ourselves in the position of the bumpkin who, for want of keeping to the right-hand side and following the stream, jostles and is jostled at every step on the pavement. It is to insist on treading down for ourselves a way by the guide of our pocket compass to where we need to go, instead of accepting the evidence of signposts and using the ready-made highway. No doubt it would be dull never to be allowed to strike into a by-path on our holiday walks; but for use the highway is the thing. We cannot create each of us his life; our days are not enough; death would overtake us while we were yet botching at our earliest abortions. We cannot wait for our habits, our tastes, our opinions, until we have originated them; before we begin to think about them they are already there. For most of them we have no better reason than that they are the habits, tastes, and opinions of other people. And for most of them that reason is sufficient. Probably we could find, if we cared to find, good matter-of-fact grounds enough for the common practice or sentiment; for instance, we could urge a score of admirable arguments for using forks rather than fingers, or for preferring monogamy to polygamy, but the true motive principle of our own individual conduct in these matters is that, being English, we follow English customs. The experience of others was our inheritance and we entered upon it unconsciously. In other words, Mrs. Grundy led us by the hand and we went whither she would with the child's wisdom, obedience. Grown older we may, if we choose, discover why she led us in one direction rather than the other, and approve her guidance.

And if we do not approve? If, not from waywardness, and not from a zeal for being noted down eccentric, but in dull earnest we disbelieve the precept, suffer in the practice? Why, then, perturbed soul, "let thee and me go our own way, and we'll let she go shis'n." The danger is really not so terrific as it is represented.

Mrs. Grundy, as known to us in her serene maturity, has little of the bloodhound in her, she does not care to pursue and to maul unattacked. Do your will and let her be; it will be strange if she does not let you be. But if you cannot take leave to do as you please without shouting it into her ears, like a teasing schoolboy defying his schooldame before all the other pupils, what can the good lady do?

POETRY.

THE REV. G. A. FLEAY TO SHAKESPEARE.

Giant, come down from thine all-worshipt throne!
We are weary of thy godship, sick to see
Our puny shadows swallowed up in thee!
Hark you, come down! No longer dwell alone;
Thou art computed, counted, meted, shown,
By ready reckoner and the thumb of me,
Thyself a shade, and not thyself to be,
And thy best lordship not to be thine own.
I proved that Fletcher wrote thee. Now I prove
Thy sweetest verse to ooze from dull George Peele.
Bow to the ghost of Heywood! Wilt thou steal
Macbeth from Middleton? Avaunt! remove!
We leave thee Hamlet for the old vain love,
Else, all thine antique charter we repeal.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUR RANCHWOMAN.

Far away in the north, where the sea is—the real sea, not the decoction of chalk we have around most of our southern English shores—the small boy sits on the rocks, over the clear deep, and carefully baits his hook (five a penny from the village grocer). As soon as he has hidden the blue barb with a crisp white bit of cockle, or with a slice from a spout-fish, or with a mussel of tawny orange and brown, he lowers it into the eautiful water, where nothing is as yet visible but the wavering outline of the rocks, and the moving purple of the seaweed, and mayhap the glimmer of a star-fish on the sand at unknown depths below. Then suddenly, from the liquid darkness around, comes sailing in, with just one wave of its tail, a saithe!—and the eager eyes of the fisherman follow every movement of his prey, ready to prompt the sudden twitch. But now the fish begins to play the hypocrite. He does not at all make straight for the tempting morsel suspended there; but glides this way and that by the side of it, and under it, and over it, pretending all the while to pay no attention to it whatsoever. Occasionally he seems to alter his mind; he makes a dart at the bait—coming right on with his eyes staring and his mouth agape—and then, again, the youthful fisherman says something about *vich-an-dhiaoul* as he sees the narrow green back of the saithe shoot down again into the deeps. But the doom is near, and certain.

Now this was the way in which our Bell proceeded to take possession of that tempting property that was waiting for her at Colorado. She was never tired of suggesting that we should go to this place and that place, rather than that her legitimate curiosity should be satisfied as to her new home. Her eyes went down to New Orleans, and then went up to Montreal, but were scarcely ever turned due west. And when we, who rather feared that she was proposing these diversions for our sakes alone, remonstrated with her, and pointed out that she would have ample opportunity of visiting the great lakes and Canada on her way back at the expiry of her year of banishment, you should have seen the light that came suddenly into her face. She seemed already to imagine herself free.

"Take a roundabout way home?" exclaimed the young matron, with proud eyes. "I think not. The moment my year is out, you will see if I don't come home straighter than any crow that ever flew. If I could only go up to the top of the mountains—and spread my wings there—and make one swoop across the plains, and another swoop across the Atlantic——"

"Stopping at New York, of course, for a biscuit."

"—— you would see how soon I should be in England. Just fancy the first evening we shall spend all together again. Lady Sylvia, you will come to us that evening!"

"I hope so," said Lady Sylvia, with a startled look—she had been dreaming.

And so, in pursuit of these idle vagaries, we left West Point, and ascended the Hudson a bit by boat, and then landed and got into a train which most kindly kept by the side of the river as it whirled us along. The carriage was a comfortable one, with arm-chairs on pedestals by the windows, and with small tables for our books, fruit, and what not; and while the lieutenant had passed along to the smoking-room to have a cigar and some iced drink on this blazing hot day, the women-folk amused themselves by spreading out on the table a whole store of trinkets belonging to a youthful merchant attached to the car, and by selecting a vast number of perfectly useless presents for people at home. It was an agreeable occupation enough, to connect the names of those who were far away with those bits of ivory, and photograph-frames, and puzzles; and Queen T. faithfully undertook to deliver all these little gifts, with appropriate messages. The representation that they were going to carry those trumpery things about with them all over America, that their boxes would be encumbered, that the things themselves would be broken, and that the proper time for purchasing presents was just before sailing from New York, met with that absolute indifference which was generally accorded to the advice of a person who had by this time subsided into the position of being a mere chronicler of the doings of the party, and who had found out that in this land of liberty it was as unsafe for him to open his mouth as it was in his own home in England.

"My dear Lady Sylvia," said Queen T. as this Swiss-looking railway-car was rumbling along towards Saratoga through a dusty and wooded country that looked parched enough under the blue sky, "I guess I feel just real mean."

Lady Sylvia's eyes asked what this extraordinary language meant.

"Don't you?" she continued. "Here are we going into Saratoga in the company of a ranch-woman, a farmeress, a stock-raiser, a bowie-knifer. What was it the Judge said in New York about Saratoga?—that we should find there 'a blaze of wealth, beauty, and culture such as was not to be found in any capital in Europe?' and of course it would have been bad enough in any case for us simple country-folk to go into such a whirl of fashionable life; but with one of the wild desperadoes of Colorado—what will they think of us?"

"I guess you want a tarnation lickin," said the stock-raiser, calmly. "Buffalo Jack, where's my cowhide?"

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

Buffalo Jack, being immersed in time-tables, would pay no heed to her nonsense; but Lady Sylvia was heard to say that the conduct of a ranchwoman in coming to Saratoga was deserving of respect rather than ridicule, for she would no doubt learn something of manners before going back to her bowie-knives and cattle.

What, then, was this big, busy town through which we drove—with its broad thoroughfares, deep dust, green trees and huge hotels?

We look at the jewellers' shops, and the *cafés*, and the promenaders; and one cries out "Baden-Baden!"

We catch a glimpse of some public gardens, and coloured lamps, and avenues, and another calls out "It is Kreuznach; and the band is playing!"

We whirl along another spacious thoroughfare, and a third calls out "It is the Boulevard Poissonière!" when it is mildly suggested that after all this may be no more Kreuznach than the Hudson was the Rhine; and that it might be better, on the whole, to call it Saratoga.

It was with a great diffidence that we ascended the steps of the monster hotel, and found ourselves in a large central hall. We were conscious that we were travel-stained; and had scarcely sufficient moral courage to ask the clerk for rooms. We knew that the smart young men standing around were regarding us; and oh! so snowy were their white neck-ties—which they wore in the middle of the day. And then, to make matters worse, this pernicious ranchwoman had donned in the morning a costume of light blue serge, in which she had done some yachting the year before; and we knew—though we dared not look—that there must be stains of the salt sea foam on it. Finally, our inward rage and humiliation were complete when, having been furnished with our keys, we entered the lift to be conveyed to the floors above; for here we found ourselves confronted by three young ladies—but the human imagination refuses to recall the splendour of the attire of these angels in human form. Each of them had a jeweller's shop on her hands.

However, we dried our eyes in secret, and made as brave an appearance as was possible when we assembled together in the saloon below.

"Look here, child," said Queen T. to our ranchwoman, as she lifted a white object from the table. "Do you see that? That is a fork. You take it in your left hand, and you lift your food to your mouth with it, instead of with your fingers, as you have been accustomed."

"It's a thorough good lickin' you want," said this child of nature, doggedly. It was all we could get out of her.

Then we went out for a drive; and a mighty fine show we made, with our green gauze curtains to keep out the dust, and *with our two horses*. The lieutenant was perched up beside the driver. Occasionally he disappeared from our sight altogether, hidden away by the dense clouds of brown dust that came rolling in the wake of some carriage. And the further we went out into the country the deeper the dust in the roads appeared to become, until our German friend had assumed the guise of a baker, and there was scarcely any difference between the colour of his hat, his beard, and his coat. But we came to our journey's end at last, for we reached a series of deep gullies in the sand; and in each of these gullies, which were a good bit apart, were some more or less temporary buildings, mostly of wood; and at each of them we found a gentleman in a tall black hat, who in the most courteous manner offered us a glass of the saline water he was prepared to sell, informed us of its chemical qualities, presented us with a prospectus of his company, and was generally most affable. It was a terrible temptation. We might have remained there all day, drinking gallons of the water—for nothing. And, indeed, we began to pride ourselves on our connoisseurship; and if the present writer had only the various prospectuses by him at present, he could pick out the particular spring which we unanimously declared to be the finest. We had to tear ourselves away.

"After all," said Bell, with a sigh, "they manage these things better at Carlsbad."

Then we drove away again through the thick sand, and in process of time found ourselves on the broad, bare avenue which leads out to Saratoga Lake. And here we found ourselves still further ashamed, notwithstanding our two horses, by the fashion in which the people shot by us in their light little carrioles, their toes perched up, their swift little trotters apparently running away with them. In spite of the dust, we could see the diamonds flashing on the fingers, and shirts, and neck-ties of the brown-faced, brown-bearded gentlemen who appeared to have come right up from California. We reached the lake, too—a large, calm extent of silvery grey water, becoming somewhat melancholy in the evening light. We gathered some flowers, and bethought ourselves of another lake, set far away among lonely woods, that we had seen in the bygone days.

"Once upon a time," says Queen T., as we are standing on the height, and looking abroad over the expanse of water, "I can remember there were two young people sailing out on a lake like this, in a small boat, in the moonlight. And one of them proposed to give up his native country in order that he might marry an English girl. And I think it is the same girl that has now to give up her native country—for a time—for the sake of her children. Were you ever at Ellesmere, Lady Sylvia?"

Lady Sylvia had never been to Ellesmere; but she guessed why these things were spoken of. As for Bell, she was putting the gathered flowers in a book; they were for her children.

We drove back to dine in the large saloon, with its flashing lights and its troop of black waiters. We were more than ever impressed by the beautiful attire and the jewellery of the ladies and gentlemen who were living in Saratoga; and in the evening, when all the doors of the saloons were thrown open, and when the band began to play in the square inside the hotel, and when these fashionable people began to promenade along the balcony which runs all round the intramural space of grass and trees, we were more than ever reminded of some evening entertainment in a Parisian public garden. Our plainly-dressed women-folk were out of place in this gay throng, that paced up and down under the brilliant lamps. As for our ranchwoman, she affected to care nothing at all for the music and this bright spectacle of people walking about the balcony in the grateful coolness of the summer night, but went down the steps into the garden and busied herself with trying to find out the whereabouts of a katy-did that was sounding his incessant note in the darkness. What was it they played? Probably Offenbach; but we did not heed much. The intervals of silence were pleasanter.

But was it not kind of those two gentlemen, both of whom wore ample frock-coats and straw hats, to place their chairs just before us on the lawn, so that we could not but overhear their conversation? And what was it all about?

"Pennsylvania's alive—jest alive," said the elder of the two. "The miners are red-hot—yes, *Sir*! You should have heerd me at Manch Chunk—twenty thousand people, and a barbecue in the woods, and a whole ox roasted—biggest thing since 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' when I told 'em that the bloated bondholders robbed 'em of their hard-earned wages, to roll in wealth, and dress in purple and fine linen, like Solomon in all his glory, and the lilies of the valley, you should have heerd 'em shout—I thought they would tear their shirts. The bond is the sharp-pinted stick, to poke up the people."

"And how about Philadelphy?" says the other.

"Well, I was not quite so hefty there. There's a heap of bonds in Philadelphy; and there's no use in arousing prejudices—painful feelings—misunderstandings. It aint politics. What's good for one sile aint good for another sile. You sow your seed as the land lays—that's politics. Where people haint go no bonds, there's where to go in heavy on the bondholders. But in Philadelphy I giv it to 'em on Reform, and corruption, and the days of the Revolution that tried men's souls, and that sort o' thing—and wishin we had Washington back again. That's always a tremendous pint, about Washington; and when people are skittish on great questions, you fall back on the Father of his Country. You see——"

"But Washington's dead," objected the disciple.

"Of course he's dead," said the other, triumphantly, "and that's why he's a living issue in a canvass. In politics, the deader a man is, the more you can do with him. He can't talk back."

"And about Massachusetts now?" the humble inquirer asked.

"Well, those Yankees don't take too much stock in talk. You can't do much with the bonds and corruption in Massachusetts. There you touch 'em up on whiskey and the nigger. The evils of intemperance and the oppressions of the coloured brother—those are the two bowers in Massachusetts."

"Rhode Island?"

"Oh, well, Rhode Island is a one-horse state where everybody pays taxes and goes to church; and all you've got to do is to worry 'em about the Pope. Say the Pope's comin' to run the machine."

Then these two also relapse into silence; and we are left free to pursue our own speculations.

And indeed our chief manageress and monitress made no secret of her wish to leave Saratoga as soon as possible. We had taken it *en route*, out of mere curiosity; it was obvious to her that she could gain no moral here to preach at the head of her poor pupil. These lights and gay costumes and languid quadrilles were the mere glorification of idleness; and she had brought this suffering one to America to show her—in our rapid transit from place to place—something of the real hardships that human nature had to fight against and endure, the real agony that parting, and distance, and the struggle for life, could inflict on the sons and the daughters of men. Saratoga was not at all to her liking. There was no head for any discourse to be got out of it. Onwards—onwards—was her cry.

So it was that on the next day, or the next again, we bade farewell to this gay haunt of pleasure, and set out for grimmer latitudes. We were bound for Boston. Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for discourse; and during the long hours, as we rolled through a somewhat Bavarian-looking country—with white wooden houses set amid that perpetual forest that faded away into the hills around the horizon—we heard a great deal about the trials of the early settlers and their noble fortitude and self-reliance. You would have fancied that this lecturess was a passionate Puritan in her sympathies; though we who knew her better were well aware that she had a sneaking liking for gorgeous ritual, and that she would have given her ears to be allowed to introduce a crucifix into our respectable village church. That did not matter. The stern manners and severe discipline of the refugees were at the moment all she could admire, and somehow we began to feel that, if it had not been for our gross tyranny and oppression, the *Mayflower* would never have sailed.

But a graver lesson still was to be read to us. We could not understand why, after a time, the train was continually being stopped at short intervals; and we naturally grew impatient. The daylight left us, and the lights in the carriage were not bright enough to allow us to read. We were excessively hungry, and were yet many miles away from Boston. We had a right to speak bitterly of this business.

Then, as the stoppages became more lengthened, and we had speech of people on the line, rumours began to circulate through the carriages. An accident had happened to the train just ahead of ours. There was a vague impression that someone had been killed; but nothing more.

It was getting on towards midnight when we passed a certain portion of the line; and here the place was all lit up by men going about with lanterns. There was a sound of hammering in the vague obscurity outside this sphere of light. Then we crept into the station, and there was an excited air about the people as they conversed with each other.

And what was it all about? Queen T. soon got to know. Out of all the people in the train, only one had been killed—a young girl of fifteen: she was travelling with her father and mother; they had not been hurt at all. The corpse was in a room in the station; the parents were there too. They said she was their only child.

We went on again; and somehow there was now no more complaining over the delay. It was past midnight when we reached Boston. The streets looked lonely enough in the darkness. But we were thinking less of the great city we had just entered than of the small country station set far away in the silent forest, where that father and mother were sitting, with the dead body of their child.

LITERATURE.

FATAL DAYS.

Fatal Days. Notes by an Amateur on France, Europe, and the Sixteenth of May. By M. De la Franche-Comté. London: William Mullan and Sons.

A pamphlet, or rather a book, for it contains 164 pages, bearing the title 'Fatal Days,' and touching upon the important period embraced between May 16 and June 16, naturally recommends itself at once to an attention and interest which rather disappears upon investigation. There is little or nothing to justify the excitement or importance presupposed by a title calculated to startle and arouse surprise. We are told in the preface that "this book could not be published now in France under a Republic, without exposing its writer and publisher and vendor to fines and imprisonment. It is no more than a fair commentary made from day to day on the history of the month, from May 16 to June 16, 1877. But it imputes motives, and to impute motives to a Ministry hostile to the liberties of France, is naturally a crime in the eyes of that Ministry." The writer further adds, in excuse for any discrepancies that may be found, that "on inspection, the whole will be discovered to be in harmony with a certain line of thought and certain leading ideas." This is, however, exactly what it is rather difficult to find in this manifesto. There is all through a distinct want of leading ideas, or of any particular line of thought. There is plenty of opinion expressed, and various ideas suggested, which occasionally seem to deserve the old criticism, that what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. The pamphlet, although written in English, purports to be by a Frenchman. "Though the author is very familiar with the English language and style, as well as with the English people, he may have made many errors, which he begs the English to excuse. A friend has to some extent modified these by reading the proofs." There is, of course, nothing whatever improbable in the fact that a Frenchman should write English. Frenchmen exist who can both speak and write English with marvellous accuracy. But it does, perhaps, seem a little odd that

a Frenchman should write a political pamphlet about the position of affairs in France at present, and should couch it in another language than his own, as long as Brussels remains the refuge for all books which, for political or moral reasons, are forbidden a sale in France. Moreover, there is a certain "got-up" look about the pamphlet which at times makes the reader inclined to doubt its Gallic authorship. The English is too elaborately French, too steeped in French idiom, to be quite reassuring. The knowledge of England is often minute, and the frequent mistakes seem rather too well made. Still, all this is possible, though we cannot, if so, help thinking that the friend who corrected the proofs must have been very negligent of his duties. Curiously enough, however, the worst mistakes made are in the few French words scattered here and there through the volume, so we are naturally led to suppose that the proof-corrector added to a great ignorance of English and England a still greater ignorance of France and French. Thus we twice find *à outrance* given as "*a l'outrance*;" the "*idée Napoleonne*" is spoken of instead of the *idée Napoléonienne*; and all through M. Fourtou is spoken of as "M. Fortou." There is a certain accurate inaccuracy, too, about speaking of Mr. Whalley as member for "Petersburgh," and speaking of "Captain Hogg, of the Metropolis Management," when it should be Colonel Sir James Hogg. But just as persons about to cross the Channel are made to declare their nationality, so the author of 'Fatal Days' has declared himself a Frenchman, and as a Frenchman must be considered.

The book opens with the somewhat trite observation that the French are fond of revolution. The chief fault to be found with this pamphlet from the beginning is that its line of observation is so very trite. The old remarks, the old ideas, the old suggestions, are brought forward with a provoking complacency, as if they were of vast importance and had only just been discovered. To say that the English people are, as a whole, content, as compared with the impossibility of the French to settle down, is really to tempt too much the patience of a reader. If every political pamphlet began by stating over and over again the commonplace arguments that would hardly be permitted in the most humble of debating societies, the result would be to diminish the demand, and therefore the supply. When some one recently observed that there could be no hope for France until there came a generation of working men whose fathers had not fought at barricades, a true and original observation was made, but to begin a political treatise on the present state of France with a disquisition on the different temperaments of England and France is positively disheartening. This triteness is continued all through the earlier part of the book, varied only by diffuseness on unimportant subjects. Thus it is positively annoying to find several pages of a pamphlet presumably devoted to a very important political crisis given up to the quoted opinion of an Englishman, "a young man, *ingenuus puer*, blond, a member of Parliament," whom the author tries, not very successfully, to use as Mr. Matthew Arnold uses his German friend Arminius, upon the immorality of French literature and French social life. No doubt there is a very great deal of truth in the fact that there is much that is corrupt and evil in French literature; that the modern French novel and French play are not always models of a perfect purity. A society in which Gustave Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' Emile Zola's 'L'Assommoir,' and Edmond de Goncourt's 'La Fille Elisa' should be not merely permitted but approved of, certainly stands in need of amelioration, but the place for the discussion of the disease and its remedy is not the pages of a pamphlet upon the recent movements of Marshal MacMahon. It is not easy to find out exactly what the writer likes or wants. On the one hand he attacks "the wretched Paul de Cassagnac," or, more correctly, Paul Granier; on the other he falls foul of an article, presumably by Henri Rochefort, in the *Radical*. He considers M. Bonnet-Duverdier "a fool for his pains." He dislikes—strongly dislikes—the Ultramontanes, and attacks Jesuitism; but it is difficult to see what he wants, or what party, if any, he espouses. He objects both to Socialists and to the extreme religious party; but what he wishes to see established it is difficult to say. He seems to be an upholder of moderate liberty; but it is not easy to "have him" anywhere. You think you have got him fast at last, and the next moment you find yourself completely mistaken. While telling his readers of the great danger hanging over France, while reiterating the imminence of the peril and the importance of fitly meeting or averting it, the author seems always to be saying that all parties are wrong except himself, that he alone has the true key to the question, the only real solution of the difficulty. But what that key is, what that solution may be, he seems wholly unable to express in comprehensible language, and we are left in utter darkness as to what the writer would have done, and what, therefore, according to himself, should be done. At last the pamphlet seems to resolve itself into a denunciation of clericalism and the Vatican. That point once firmly established, the rest of the work is plainer sailing, and if we do not meet anything very startling of interest or originality, we get at least some coherent observations on the Catholic movement which is perhaps regarded from too serious a point of view. England, too, is treated of a good deal in the end:—

> England, the mother of free nations, the model of constitutional government, the buttress of a living and liberal Protestantism, may at this time—and I think does to a great extent—hold in her hands the destinies of Europe. If, giving way to a natural suspicion, but not justifiable suspicion, of Russian signs, she throws herself into a gigantic conflict with the Muscovite, it will be a misfortune not only to her but to the rest of Europe. She may check a Russian occupation of Constantinople, she may at enormous expense inflict some injuries on the Russian armies in Asia Minor and in Europe, but the course of her campaign, naval and military, in the last war, shows how powerless she is to inflict any vital injury on the great northern nations. Lord Beaconsfield may be able to find the money for three campaigns, but the people of England will begin to look blue when they find that each campaign is only with little effect casting money into the sea, and that they must go on for three campaigns more.

Whatever may be thought of his views, the author seems at least to see his way more clearly when discussing the relations of England and Russia than when speculating as to the future of France. When trying to explain to us what France ought to do he seems somewhat like the second grave-digger in *Hamlet*, who begins by declaring confidently, "Marry, now I can tell," but presently subsides into "Mass, I cannot tell."

THE EXTINCTION OF FIRE.

Functions of a General Police Force for the Extinction of Fires and Administrative Improvements especially needed in the Metropolis. A Special Report to the Council and a Select Committee of the Society of Arts on the Prevention of Fires, and on the Water-supply of the Metropolis. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., Commissioner of Inquiry into the Organisation of Constabulary or Police Force. Second Edition, with Additions.

Fire Protection. A Complete Manual of the Organisation, Machinery, Discipline, and General Working of the Fire Brigade of London. By Eyre M. Shaw, Chief Officer Metropolitan Fire Brigade. London: Charles and Edwin Layton. 1876.

We consider Mr. Chadwick's report and Captain Shaw's book side by side, because, although Mr. Chadwick is at no pains to conceal his opposition to Captain Shaw, still we think that the chief officer's capitally-arranged book may fairly be taken as the best evidence we can get as to the working and requirements of the existing system of fire extinction in the metropolis. Before beginning to discuss the questions raised by Mr. Chadwick in his report, it will be as well to say a few words about Captain Shaw's work. It is mainly intended as a manual for the use of firemen. It commences with a few chapters on elementary hydrostatics, and descriptions of different kinds of pumps. After this follows the book proper, which contains a detailed description of all the machinery and gear used in the brigade, and all the drills used, in-

structions in fire-escape duty, in the proper methods of entering and searching burning buildings, of raising and carrying insensible persons and children, descriptions of the best methods of slinging persons by ropes from places to which the escapes cannot reach, and, lastly, a short explanation of the organisation and discipline of the Brigade. Merely pausing to say that the whole book is written in the clearest possible style, and is capitally illustrated, we will leave it, only using it as evidence of what the Brigade and its work now is during the discussion of Mr. Chadwick's views, which we shall also look at by the light of the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. To put the matter shortly, Mr. Chadwick is an enthusiastic advocate for the transference of the control of the Fire Brigade from the Board of Works to the Commissioners of Police, and also for the establishment of a constant high-pressure water-service—reached for fire purposes by hydrants—over the whole of the metropolis. There can be no doubt that both the utilisation of the police for purposes of fire extinction, and the providing a constant high-pressure water-service in connexion with hydrants, are two most desirable reforms, and that the sooner they are brought about the better for the safety of the metropolis, and, indeed, in the case of the water-supply, the better for its sanitary condition.

These two reforms are intimately connected, for unless the proposed alteration in the water-supply were made, there would be but little gained by the amalgamation of the police force and the Fire Brigade.

Again, both these reforms are of individual importance, as the alteration in the water-supply would increase the efficiency of the Fire Brigade, even under the present system; and again, the use of police stations as fire stations, and especially their connexion with existing Fire Brigade stations by telegraph, would also be of great value, even if the water-supply remained as it is now, although the police force itself would not be of much value. Let us explain. If there were hydrants fed by a constant high-pressure service at suitable intervals along our streets, it would take but little training to instruct the whole of the police force in the simple operation of fixing a hose to the hydrant, turning on the water, and directing the jet on to any spot where a fire had broken out; by this means many fires might be put out before they had attained any formidable hold on the buildings in which they had begun. But if such hydrants do not exist the only service the main body of the police could render would be to give the alarm to the regular Fire Brigade, whether that Brigade were under the control of the Commissioners of Police or, as at present, under that of the Board of Works, and no doubt if the Brigade were a branch of the police service the machinery for giving the alarm could readily be made more perfect than it is at present. Again, even if the police in no way assisted the Brigade, such a water-service would be of value by enabling the nearest man on escape duty at once to begin operations by means of the hose or hand pump, thus bringing some help, at all events, in a much shorter time than that required to bring up an engine and set it to work. Another advantage of hydrants to the existing system is that they afford a quicker means of getting at water for engines than plugs do, and also give a better supply with less waste of water, as anyone may easily see for himself by comparing the plan of supplying fire-engines with water by means of the plug and portable cistern, or, as it is called in the Brigade, portable dam, with the method used to fill the water-carts. This advantage over plugs would be possessed by hydrants even on low-pressure services, if the service were made constant. Taking all points into consideration, we think that the change in the water-supply should be made by the following steps—supposing that it is impossible to effect the complete reform at one blow:—1st. That all the water-supply should be made constant; 2nd. That hydrants should be set up on all the water-systems; and 3rd. That all the water-systems should be supplied at high-pressure, *i.e.* a pressure sufficient to throw a jet through a hose to the height of some 60 feet at the rate of about 100 gallons per minute.

Let us now turn our attention solely to the question of the employment of the police force in fire-duty. To us it appears that the whole of the evidence goes to show the enormous advantage of such employment in towns where there are high-pressure hydrants, and we are pleased to see that the Select Committee recommend the placing of the Fire Brigade under the control of the Commissioners of Police, with the important and valuable reservation "so, however, as to constitute a distinct branch, to be placed under the immediate command of a separate assistant-commissioner." This reservation appears to us to be a very wise one, for the following reasons:—Whenever a fire has reached such proportions that a great length of hose has to be used, and whenever engines have to be used, the rank and file of the police would be useless; and, again, they would be useless for all life-saving duty, because it would be impossible, in the first place, to keep them sufficiently drilled, and, in the next place, it would be impossible for men on patrol, or other usual police duty, to wear such clothing as would enable them to undertake these duties; and, again, it would be impossible to have the whole police force composed of men able to climb great heights on slender ladders, and of sufficient nerve to jump down from fifteen or sixteen feet into a stretched sheet—the last point being one on which more recruits are turned away from the Brigade now than on any other, it being rightly held that it is not safe for a man to enter a burning building unless he can avail himself without hesitation of this mode of escape.

Anyone who will look through Captain Shaw's book, and who will then go and see the Fire Brigade recruits at drill, and listen to the comments of the instructor, will see at once that, when once a fire has become worthy of the name, the only chance of extinguishing it is to go rapidly and certainly through many complicated manœuvres, and that each detail must be done in one way, and one way only. But little reflection will then show him that the only way to get this done is to drill the men who have to do it until they cannot help doing every step in the right way, however excited they may be, and that only discipline and strict drill can make men of any use in this important branch of life-saving.

We hope that this recommendation of the Select Committee will be carried out, and that, when carried out, the question of electrical fire-alarms will be well considered. The excellent results which have followed the development of systems of semi-automatic alarms, both in the United States and on the Continent, lead us to hope that it would not be impossible to devise a system which would answer even under the somewhat different conditions of the requirements of a huge city like London. If the Fire Brigade were a branch of the police, and the police patrols had command of the alarms, all danger of an improper use being made of the instruments would disappear, and, with that danger, the main objection to the system.

PRACTICAL EDUCATIONISTS.

Practical Educationists and their Systems of Teaching. By James Leitch. Glasgow: James Maclehose. 1875.

This volume is a selection from a series of lectures on Education delivered by Mr. Leitch, Principal of the Church of Scotland Normal School at Glasgow. The views of Locke, Pestalozzi, Andrew Bell, Lancaster, Wilderspin, Stow, and Spencer are commented upon in so many distinct Essays; and, although one will naturally feel a little disappointed at not finding the names of Arnold and John Stuart Mill in the table of contents, it must be confessed that the selection, so far as it goes, is exceedingly judicious. Mr. Leitch occasionally wanders somewhat far from his subject and enters upon details which are not in any way connected with education, and has thus succeeded in producing a

rather bulkier volume than would otherwise have been necessary; a little more compression, and not unfrequent erasures of anecdotical matter introduced for the purpose of enlivening a lecture, would have resulted in a book of exceptional excellence.

The information that is to be gleaned from these Essays concerning infant schools and elementary education cannot fail to arrest the attention of all young teachers; many useful hints are scattered through the volume with a profusion which would surprise anyone not previously acquainted with the valuable labours of the distinguished educationists already enumerated. The science of teaching, if indeed there can be said to exist such a science, is nowadays either acquired by experience—a process more hurtful to the patients operated upon than tedious to the teachers—or it is not acquired at all. Many schoolmasters go through their lives the most miserable, if not the most ignorant, of the population; disgusted with themselves, knowing their own incompetency, they suffer still more from the consciousness that others recognise in them men totally unfit to teach the very little they may have chanced to remember from the time when they themselves were only very insufficient scholars. And it is to such as these that we commit the care of hundreds of children; these are the teachers who may hope to profit by reading about different systems of education, and by learning mere artifices which shall take the place of solid knowledge. But, when we have made the most economical and kindly use of the existing small fry of untaught or mistaught teachers, there still remains for us the problem how to train a man in the art of imparting information; and to this problem there is, in our belief, one and only one true solution. Pestalozzi's genius may find a solace in object lessons, Lancaster and Bell may sing the praises of the monitorial system, or Stow amuse himself with making pictures to explain how bricks were made in Egypt by the children of Israel; but let a student not only thoroughly master the subject which he will be called upon to elucidate, but also acquire a very fair knowledge of other branches of learning, and if he cannot then teach without a system he will never succeed in teaching properly with one. Knowing that he must throw his own individuality into his lessons in order to produce any permanent impression upon his hearers, he will unconsciously adopt, even if he does not actually originate, a method which chimes in with his peculiar mental structure. We lay, therefore, less stress upon those portions of Mr. Leitch's volume which deal with methods imparting knowledge, than upon those where we find discussed the vexed question as to what kinds of knowledge ought to be imparted, and as to the order or arrangement of these in an educational curriculum. This is a problem which affects not so much the teacher as the principal of a school; it interests the members of School Boards and the heads of families, and the final answer—if, to so momentous a question, we may hope for any—will seriously influence for better or for worse the coming generation. Mr. Leitch appears to accept in its entirety Mr. Herbert Spencer's classification. This philosopher certainly has a marvellous faculty of originating a theory, making a generalisation, jumping at a conclusion—call it what we please—and of then proceeding to make his facts fit into it with admirable precision; an occupation in which he shows himself to be a consummate master of the art of shutting his eyes to the other side of the question. Nevertheless he has brought such a wealth of thought to bear upon education that he has left all other writers on the subject, save John Stuart Mill, paupers in comparison with him; and his Essay on "Education" contains, together with much that is erroneous, far more that is as fine gold.

Of all the subjects with which an adult can be acquainted there are many that can be best acquired only in early youth, such as language, drawing, music, painting, dancing, and the like. Now, it matters little whether these are the most or the least important "kinds of activity," whether they minister to self-preservation directly or indirectly, are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations, have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring, or fill up the leisure part of life; if they are to be taught at all they must be taught at once, and we have therefore simply to decide whether they are worth teaching. A pupil will soon show his aptitude for one accomplishment and his dislike for another; and, although it may be amusing, it is not profitable to show fight when nature is our opponent. We gain nothing, for example, in forcing science upon a boy who has proved that he has no taste for it while he might be devoting his energies to language or drawing, in which he promises to become a great proficient; it is like using watch-work to propel a ship simply because the ship has to be propelled, instead of searching for machinery which will do the work better and quicker. We do not mean that such a boy is to go altogether without science; a copiously diluted science he might be capable of grasping at once if the school were in a position to provide him with it; but experience has shown that, in his case, it is a subject better suited for later years and a more developed intellect. By this process of selection and exclusion the lessons will become fewer and fewer, and more ponderous studies may be introduced, from which again a selection will have to be made. And in proportion as these subjects—curiously called "knowledges" by Mr. Leitch—can be more varied, the school will be more serviceable for the proper training of children; but they will necessarily depend upon the resources of each particular establishment, and upon other circumstances chiefly local. The instruction to every principal of a school should be:—"Teach whatever subjects you can teach well, and have as many masters as you can afford." Again, it should be remembered in connection with this system of striking off lessons of proved inutility that a teacher may easily overstep the mark in attempting to simplify his subject. Nothing could be better than Mr. Spencer's recommendations about beginning with the simple, the indefinite, the concrete, and the empirical, and proceeding to the complex, the definite, the abstract, and the rational; but every teacher knows that, as soon as he has battled against and overcome the elements, a third of his class on the average is fully prepared to sail away, and, steering clear of shoals and quicksands, to land itself in a comparatively short time at the wished-for goal, the end of the first stage of its long journey. To keep thirty per cent. of the pupils boring over the indefinite and the empirical for the sake of seventy per cent. who have little or no talent for the subject, is a practice that should be strongly discouraged as being contrary to the principle of division of labour. The most abstruse branch of knowledge, as geometry, can be made comprehensible to almost any beginner by a competent teacher; but the results, when obtained, are oftentimes not worth the trouble expended: the teacher might have been engaged in training another thirty per cent. of future geometers, and the seventy per cent. in searching after another kind of learning better adapted for their intellects. By all means give every pupil a fair chance by beginning in a simple and concrete way; but the proof of adaptability for a particular "knowledge" is the possession of the faculty of overcoming the obstacles naturally presented by teaching the subject in a somewhat abstract form. A judicious and successful teacher is one who knows exactly where to draw the line between the two extremes.

It is seldom that we can agree with Mr. Spencer's remarks on moral training; he appears to find all children fools, and would leave them abominable little prigs. His experiential method—which, for the sake of children, we are charmed to believe is not derived from experience—is in practice a sheer impossibility, and, if attempted, would in the great majority of cases result in making the child sullen and morose. Intelligent human beings are not to be cowed by the littlenesses of a logical and philosophical nursemaid, by the strictness of a stern disciplinarian, or by the sage observations of a mother profoundly learned in psychology and the moral sciences. A good-natured box on the ears when a child plays with the fire and burns itself is, after all,

far better than Mr. Spencer's "I told you so," or the more ordinary custom of fondling over the slightly-injured limb. The experiential method can be followed readily enough in very many cases, and usually is amongst those who trouble themselves with any method at all; but, as we have already remarked of intellectual training, it is impossible to lay down one system which can be advantageously adopted by every member of our species.

We have not space to draw attention to various other points which have occurred to us during a perusal of Mr. Leitch's interesting book. Each of his Essays is exceedingly suggestive, and so full of valuable information to all engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the work of education that he cannot do better than carry his threat into execution and publish a second volume.

SPANISH SALT.

A Collection of all the Proverbs which are to be found in the 'Don Quixote.' With a literal English Translation, Notes, and an Introduction. By Alick Ralph Burke, M.A. London: Pickering. 1877.

Perhaps there is no such delightful idleness as the reading of proverbs, unless it be looking at the minute shells found in rocks 10,000 feet high, and which ages ago formed the bed of the sea, or examining the flint implements of very ancient people that are to be found in the drift of rivers. Shells, and arrowheads, and proverbs, alike bring us face to face with the childhood of our race and the world, and with a fair collection of these treasures we can make for ourselves no small amusement, and find much room for profitable thought.

This is a second edition of Mr. Burke's little book, but so much has been added to the original, so much struck out, and so much altered, that little more of the old book than of Wallenstein's horse at Prague—"the head, neck, legs, and part of the body have been repaired, but all the rest is the real horse." Mr. Burke keeps up the old arrangement of the proverbs, by means of key-words, displayed in small capitals, and following in alphabetical order; the introduction is much enlarged; the printing admirable, and the external air of the little book leaves nothing to be desired. The translations remain also the same, and the same mistake is repeated on the title-page that all the proverbs of the 'Don Quixote' are to be found in Mr. Burke's collection. This is hardly the case, while some, which Cervantes never knew, are to be found, but without any references.

"Seco como un esparto" cannot be said to be translated when rendered by Mr. Burke "as dry as *esparto*," nor yet "alma de esparto y corazon de encina" as "soul of fibre and heart of oak." *Esparto* is grass—hemp grass; "as dry as a mat," and "soul of reeds and heart of oak" would be much nearer at any rate. Jarvis is the one translator of the 'Don Quixote' who is less reliable than the other translators for verbal accuracy. This may be the reason why Mr. Burke omits "puse los pies en polvoroso, y cogio las de Villadiego." The saying—evidently proverbial—is passed over by Mr. Jarvis, and hence the reason why it is omitted by Mr. Burke; it is to be found in the twenty-first chapter, as well as in the sonnet addressed to Sancho by Del Donoso, also omitted by Mr. Jarvis:—

> Soy Sancho Panza, escude—
> Del Manchego Don Quijo—
> Puse pies en polvoro—
> Por vivir á lo discre—:
> Que el tacito Villadie—&c.

It surely is quite as good as "El diablo está en Cantillana," which, notwithstanding the lengthy explanation appended to it, does not appear to have been in general use. Again, surely if "Aunque vivais mas años que Sarna" was worth quoting, much more worthy of notice is the saying to be found in Chapter XLVIII., "la comedia, espejo de la vida humana," comedy the mirror of human life—reminding us of "All the world's a stage" and the well-known quotation from *Hamlet*—and showing us that Cervantes and Shakespeare read the same books, and for the same purpose. Of the new comedies Cervantes says they are "mirrors of nonsense, ensamples of follies, and pictures of naughtiness"—"exemplos de necidades," "espejos de disparates, y imagines de la lascivia"—a saying as appropriate now as it was 270 years ago. There are numerous sayings scattered through the 'Don Quixote' on the right use of comedy, and the influence of the stage, but no notice is taken of them. For instance, "Comedy cures the blues engendered by idleness," and "There is no human infirmity that cannot be borne by the help of a little amusement." Many similar wise sayings founded on experience could be quoted.

Again, in some of the translations we lose not a little knowledge. "Todo saldrá en la colada" is rendered "all will come out in the *washing*." "Colada" is a word of many general and local meanings, not one of which in Cervantes's time signified "washing," and it is not agreeable to see "La codicia rompe el saco" translated "covetousness breaks the bag." The primary meaning of the verb "romper" is of course "to break;" but how would Mr. Burke translate "rompe galas," or "de rompe y rasga," if he knew no other signification of the word? Besides, a bag is not broken by overstuffing, and it is now quite time that the feeble and affected translation of Mr. Jarvis was discarded. If Mr. Burke had illustrated this proverb, as he might have done with great advantage, by giving us the context, or the occasion on which Sancho made use of it, he would have considerably added to the value of his labours, *e.g.*, "as covetousness tears the sack, so are my hopes torn." The whole of this speech of the ever-anxious Sancho is one of the best of the many which he makes, and full of Spanish salt. This reminds us that Mr. Burke has not quoted his motto quite accurately. "Ponga sal en la mollera" is a threat on the part of Don Quixote to beat wit into Sancho's pate; to "put salt on his crown," as it is rendered by Mr. Burke, is a rather feeble expression of the original. It will be remembered by attentive readers of the 'Don Quixote,' that Sancho is described in Chapter VII. as "an honest man, but poor—if it be permitted to apply that title to a poor man—but 'de muy poca sal en la mollera,'" which simply means a man of shallow wit. The whole of one chapter (the thirty-seventh), from which the saying is taken, is well worth the trouble of reading; both master and man shine in their true colours, and cause great amusement. We have already remarked on one close similarity between Shakespeare and Cervantes; this use of the word "salt" reminds us of another in *Troilus and Cressida*—"Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?" and it may be interesting to note that these similarities are by no means few. We will add one instance more—"So jocund was Don Quixote" (following Shelton's rendering) "to behold himself knighted, that his very horse's girths were ready to burst for joy." In the *Venus and Adonis* we have a parallel description of the horse of Adonis:—

> Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
> And now his woven girths he breaks asunder.

Mr. Burke will do us a favour if he will give us the chapter of the 'Don Quixote' in which the proverb numbered 117 is to be found—"Many are the roads by which God brings his own to heaven." The proverb we would commend to the earnest attention of all Christians, but it will not be found in the 'Don Quixote.' In his day the very sun was hidden by myriads of priestly vestments hung across it, there was but one door through which a man might pass to heaven, one way, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and although Cervantes was one of the independent and free men of his time, and in the course he held flew an eagle flight, bold and forth on, yet he was a Spaniard and a devout member of that Church out of which there is no redemption; his championship procured him no bitterness, caused no malice or spite, but he would as soon have thought of blaspheming the king as taking liberty with the Church's keys.

We are glad of all labours which make us read again

the 'Don Quixote,' and increase our knowledge of its wealth of goodness and good humour, which bring out the excellencies of that incomparable book, and the indomitable energy and noble bearing of its great and wise and courageous author; therefore we thank Mr. Burke for what he has done, and, with its not numerous faults of omissions and commissions very cordially, commend it to our readers.

THE AMERICAN.

The American. By Henry James, Jun. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. 1877.

'The American,' like many American novels, has nothing in it about America. The native novelist is wont not to see his way to occupy his art with American life; and American society, except in the way of caricature, yet remains to be depicted. Perhaps there are unusual difficulties in the task. The very simplicity of that society, however desirable on other accounts, is a hindrance instead of a help to the novelist, who likes to deal with varying and opposing types, and whose task is made easier when diversities of rank and the social contrasts of an old civilisation furnish him with some, at least, of the materials with which he is accustomed to work. The infinite gradations of European society, its division, too, into different social worlds with quite different aims, give him a rich field which he cannot have elsewhere, and so it is not much to be wondered at that American novelists of culture—travelled men, all of them—from Hawthorne downwards, have in the main thus far occupied themselves with European life or have at the least preferred to secure a European background for the stage across which some typical American, carefully and closely studied, was to walk during the period of the representation.

That is exactly what Mr. Henry James has done in his very remarkable novel which has just appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The one special figure of his study is a fellow-countryman of his own, into whose intimate life and feeling it may well be that he has thought he could enter more closely than into the personality of a foreigner; but for him the interest of his study has also been in the following out of the relations of his hero with members of a society which his hero could not understand. The novel reader who not only demands the lightest fare, but is content with no other, will reproach Mr. James for having occupied himself too closely with this study that has interested him, for having been more concerned with a theme than with a plot, for having been sparing of amusement when amusement was desired, and prodigal of lengthy dialogue when the dialogue helped the theme, but stopped the way of the intrigue. But the reader who is tired of the cheap work of the circulating library—whether of the novel of the accepted and industrious manufacturer of fiction, or of the dignitary in his hours of leisure, or of the weekly critic benevolently minded to teach for once by practice what it has been so easy to teach by precept every Saturday of his youth—the reader, a little tired, a little sceptical about the work of these, will thank Mr. James for a substantial book which comes from an author who saw far enough to see clearly what he meant to do, and then steadily did it. Signs of broken occupation, of diverted interest, are wanting to this book.

Mr. James's hero, Newman, is no ingenuous or hot-headed youth. He has worked some fifteen years, has made his own fortune, is in sight of middle age, and is so far from being a person with whom it is possible to be lightly familiar that at the very end of the book, though we know a great deal about him, we are still ignorant of his Christian name. He is a mature hero, and his acts are the acts of maturity. Newman is five-and-thirty, and immensely rich, though he is not quite the owner of St. Louis or Chicago, as rumour naturally reports him to be. He arrives in Paris, at the beginning of the novel, with the happy consciousness that the up-hill work of his life is over; and that if money and leisure and the capacity to enjoy are alone wanted, he is about to have a good time of it. He proposes to see Europe, and to take to himself a wife; but being in all things a perfectly practical man, he is not going to fall in love with the first pretty face presented to him, but is going very deliberately to secure for himself all that he wants in the matter of marriage. He does not want money, but he wants character, accomplishments, beauty, elegance, perfect breeding—and when he sees these happily combined, he will make his treaty with the possessor of them, and he will keep it to the letter; a hard-headed man, not romantic, but of absolute honesty. Introduced, quickly enough, to a Madame de Cintré—of whom he had heard from a sympathetic acquaintance as the realisation of all he had desired—he becomes rapidly enamoured of her. She is a young widow, whose *mariage de convenance* had turned out badly. M. de Cintré had fortunately died before her youth was over. She had returned to her own family, at whose will she had married—a typical family of the Faubourg St. Germain, who lived in their traditions, and ignored the *fait accompli* by speaking of the occupant of the Tuileries, not as the Emperor, but as "Bonaparte." And it is to this family that the American, always without delay, demands to be introduced, after he has been fascinated by charms here described with sufficient power of subtle analysis:—

> He found in her what he had found before—that faint perfume of a personal shyness worn away by contact with the world, but the more perceptible the more you closely approach her. This lingering diffidence seemed to give a peculiar value to what was definite and assured in her manner; it made it seem like an accomplishment, a beautiful talent, something that one might compare to an exquisite touch in a pianist. It was, in fact, Madame de Cintré's "authority," as they say of artists, that especially impressed and fascinated Newman. . . . Madame de Cintré gave Newman the sense of an elaborate education, of her having passed through mysterious ceremonies and processes of culture in her youth, of her having been fashioned and made flexible to certain exalted social needs. All this, as I have affirmed, made her seem rare and precious—a very expensive article, and one which a man with an ambition to have everything about him of the best would find it highly agreeable to possess.

He makes up his mind to possess her, and his originality—the strange mixture of child-like simplicity with worldly experience and determined push—wins upon her. His opinions are his own, and not inherited. No one has prompted his admiration. He is not seeking a *parti* in the legitimate and accepted way. He is frank, plain-spoken, broad-hearted, and she decides to accept him. It is here that we enter into the thick of the conflict, which the novelist as an artist has found an interest in describing—the clash, not between moneyed vulgarity and the great breeding of the Faubourg—that is a much more obvious and less artistic theme—but between the American, too intelligent to be ill-mannered, and too visibly chivalrous in instinct to be long disliked, and the old French family, which ignores the Revolution, which looks upon the nobility as a sacred caste, which feels the very memory of commerce to be a taint, and which, if it stoops to occupation at all, condescends only to adorn its leisure with the pursuits of the *dilettante*. Much of the cleverness of the novel, as a study of character, is in the conduct of this conflict. How the conflict must end is soon told. Madame de Cintré is delightful, but not original—a saint, it may be, but not a leader. She is destined, therefore, to be overcome by the at first secret and then declared opposition of the heads of her family—her mother and her brother. It requires a woman of strength, and not of sweetness, to leave her proper world. Madame de Cintré is a woman of sweetness, and remains in the Faubourg St. Germain.

This being so, the author has only weakened his book as a work of art by the introduction of that slight interest of intrigue which concerns itself with the discovery that in having for an antagonist Madame de Cintré's mother the honest Newman was coping with one whose own resolution was so undeniable that, to compass one of her objects, it had allowed her to have a hand in the death of her husband. In her he had a criminal against him—something more than the type of the

ancien régime. The study of society, in a wide sense of the term, would have been more, not less, complete had the separation of the two worlds—of the Faubourg and America—of the end and the beginning—been adhered to as cause sufficient for the eventual separation of the two individuals.

But this small concession—this concession probably unconscious—to the taste of the idler story-reader hardly invalidates the claim which 'The American' distinctly makes to be, above all, a novel of character. Newman is a portrait painted with finished art; at once a type and an individual; an individual distinct and peculiar, when seen in his relations with his countrymen; a type when opposed either to the prejudices or the inherited elegance of the Faubourg. Other figures, in middle distance, and others, again, that flit in the background, are not, on their own scales, less life-like. There is Valentin de Bellegarde, Madame de Cintré's young brother, friendly to Newman because he is young and ingenuous in his relations with men, a youth whose respect for his family must confine his activities to gathering bric-à-brac and fighting for the Pope. There is the head of the house, narrow, fixed, and firm, and his young wife, a flippant dame, who scarcely relishes the dulness that is forced on her, and bears the family honours of four or five centuries only to cherish as her one unrealised ambition that she has never danced at Bullier's. Lastly, there is Mlle. Nioche, a young woman whose respectability falls to the handsome bid of Lord Deepmere—Nioche, a keen-witted damsel, whom Valentin fruitlessly admires, and the good-hearted Newman as fruitlessly endeavours to reclaim. The dialogue, sometimes a little diffuse, is generally lively. The book is full of observation. It will not, by reason of the simplicity of its plot, be very popular for hurried reading; nor does it, with all its cleverness, show the genius that commands the sources of feeling, and enters into the secrets of lives; but as a study it is thoroughly solid, and no one will read it without enlarging the sphere of his social knowledge.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON MUSIC.

Letters from Bayreuth, Descriptive and Critical of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen." By Joseph Bennett. London: Novello, Ewer, and Co.

Growth and Cultivation of the Voice in Singing. By Madame St. Germaine. London: Cramer and Co.

A Treatise on Musical Forms and General Composition. By Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Robert Franz und das deutsche Volks- und Kirchenlied. By August Saran. Leipzic: F. E. Leuckart.

Friedrich Chrysander in seinen Clavierauszügen zur deutschen Handel-Ausgabe. By Julius Schäffer. Leipzic: F. E. Leuckart.

The preface to Mr. Bennett's interesting little volume is signed May 1, 1877, the date of Wagner's arrival in London. But this external *raison d'être* was not required to justify the collection in a more permanent form of these letters originally published in the *Daily Telegraph*. The opinion of one of the leading English critics founded on the immediate impression of the moment is well worth the perusal and serious contemplation of both Wagner's friends and antagonists. Moreover, the descriptive parts of the volume are well written, and especially the *résumé* of the complicated plot of Wagner's trilogy is a model of terse and lucid analysis. Mr. Bennett, it need hardly be said, is not a partisan of the "Music of the Future," and we may presume that he went to the City of the Margraves at least not favourably predisposed towards the events of which it was to be the scene. At the same time he is too fair a critic and too genuine a lover of art to shut his eyes wilfully against what is beautiful and grand. He thus presents the interesting spectacle of one whose theoretical scruples gradually melt away before a genuine artistic impression. We say gradually, for during the *Rheingold* Mr. Bennett is still full of doubts and difficulties, but when once under the mighty spell of the *Valkyrie* his frame of mind becomes more and more affirmative, and his reference to the bird-scene in *Siegfried* as to "that which has moved imagination and sense to a height of pleasure rarely attained," might be adopted by the most ardent Wagnerite. It is only in his 'Conclusions,' written, it must be borne in mind, several weeks after the Bayreuth performances, that Mr. Bennett once more mounts the critical tripod with becoming equanimity. Now, it is true, the same scenes which had so vividly impressed him appear to him as the "vulgar bustle and glare of a pantomime opening, compared with the classic beauty of the fairy scenes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*," and he takes to counting deliberately the lines of dialogue (why not the words, for Wagner's lines considerably vary in size) respectively assigned to Wotan and Fricka. No perfect equation, the reader will perceive, can be established between Mr. Bennett's opinion at Bayreuth and Mr. Bennett's opinion in London; an unknown component—an x—must be introduced. This x is the tremendous power of Wagner's genius, which suspends, if it does not permanently silence, theoretical antagonism.

Mme. St. Germaine's *brochure* on the voice is evidently written by an experienced and enthusiastic teacher. "The human passions," she says, have a wonderful gamut of tone—love, hate, fear, anger, hope, despair, joy, sadness, peace; these are some of the various passions and states of mind to which the emotional soul gives expression through the medium of speech!" Why not through that of song? she further argues, trying to show on *à priori* grounds that everyone has a voice; a proposition which, if generally adopted, might be fraught with dangerous consequences to the peace of the community. A hint that even ladies past their *première jeunesse* need not despair of vocal success is especially apt to raise sinister forebodings. But Mme. St. Germaine is not always in the philosophic mood. Some of her practical suggestions will be found useful by teachers, and her warning against the immoderate *vibrato* and similar affectations of modern vocalists show the soundness of the author's taste. It is also satisfactory to learn that Mme. St. Germaine's long experience has convinced her of the natural gift of English people for music, and more especially vocal music. "The English," she says, "have at least as good capabilities for singing as any other nation. What we really want in this country is not better voices, but a more perfect, I had almost said a more rational, *method of teaching*."

Sir Frederick Ouseley's 'Treatise' is a continuation and supplement to that meritorious composer's work on Harmony and Counterpoint. As a primer of musical science the work will be of use to students who wish to become acquainted with the established rules of the so-called classical period. But the author's range of vision is exceedingly limited. The enormous development of musical form originated by modern composers he persistently ignores. It will hardly be believed that in a book written at the present time the name of Beethoven occurs seldom or never, and that of the musical illustrations not a single one is chosen from a composer later than Mozart. The author's own sonata, professedly written in the "Mozartean style," we cannot acknowledge as an exception to this rule. The entire neglect of Bach, amongst the earlier masters, is equally characteristic of Sir Frederick's standpoint.

The first part of Herr Saran's interesting and valuable book points out the striking affinity of Robert Franz, the greatest living song writer of Germany, with the spirit and form of the Volkslied or popular ballad of that country. By means of interesting illustrations he proves that the art of a country is not altogether the result of genius but rather the natural disposition of the people become conscious in, and expressed by, gifted individuals. Thus the essentially homophonous character of modern Italian opera is foreshadowed by the simple melodies of the people founded on the simplest harmonic bases, while, on the other side, the German folksong requires a change of chord at almost every note. The polyphonous character of the accompaniment thus implied is brought to its highest perfection by Robert Franz, and hence the striking similitude existing between his own songs and some of the Volkslieder, harmonised by him, which are appended to the present volume. That

this resemblance can and does in this case coexist with artistic originality of the highest order need not be pointed out. The second part of the volume treats of a question much discussed of late both in this country and Germany. It is the re-arrangement of the orchestral accompaniments to the works of Bach and Handel, such as is necessitated by the altered conditions of our time. The organ part, so important in sacred music, was, in the eighteenth, merely indicated by the bass notes, the player being expected to supply harmonic and contrapuntal additions according to his own taste. This art is all but lost to the moderns; and in many of our concert-rooms the organ is altogether wanting, and its part therefore has to be transferred to the orchestra. Franz, in his editions of Handel and Bach, has followed the spirit rather than the letter, trying always to adhere to the intentions of these great masters, but being guided as to these intentions by his own feeling rather than by the meagre and vague indications of the printed records. On account of this he has been attacked by what is called the "historic" school of critics, and it is chiefly against these attacks that Herr Saran ably defends his master. Into the details of the discussion we cannot enter, but no one who has witnessed a performance of one of Franz's arrangements can have failed to perceive the artistic spirit and faithfulness to the original intentions with which the necessary alterations have been made.

The last work on our list continues the controversy just alluded to with regard chiefly to Handel. Herr Schäffer is on the same side with Herr Saran, and relies essentially upon the same arguments, but the character of his clever little *brochure* is distinctly polemical. His chief antagonists are Herr Spitta the meritorious historian of Bach, and Dr. Chrysander the equally well-known biographer of Handel, the latter of whom is convicted of several unpardonable mistakes in his pianoforte arrangements of Handel's works.

THE LAND OF THE FELIBRE.

Miejour; or, Provençal Legend, Life, Language, and Literature in the Land of the Felibre. By J. Duncan Craig, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co.

It has been said with much truth, in speaking of the South of France and its literary revival, that one must know and love the land and its customs to appreciate its poetry, for he who finds no language in the one will fail to understand the other. Mr. Craig, in undertaking his new work, the 'Miejour,' has evidently felt the force of this, and he has endeavoured to give us an account of Provençal "legend, life, language, and literature," in which each subject illustrating the other shall help us to know and appreciate the South in its entirety of life and song. Such a book was much needed, for the Provençal literary revival, with its exceeding charm and real interest, is *terra incognita* to most English readers.

The remaining dialects of the Provençal language are still spoken over a wide extent of land reaching from the Gironde to Grenoble, and including the four provinces of Catalonia. This is too large a field, perhaps, for the holiday tourist, and Mr. Craig has confined himself to giving us descriptions of Provence proper—winters spent at Cannes, and excursions into the neighbouring departments, having furnished matter for his rather desultory book. It is, indeed, in Provence proper that the work of reconstructing the language and giving sequence and stability to the literary movement began, and in the person of a Provençal, Mistral, the chief of the Felibre or guild of poets, we have the undoubted genius which will immortalise this renaissance. We might, therefore, less regret a certain want of extension and completeness if the more circumscribed district had been exhaustively treated. Such, however, is not the case. To take but one instance alone, how much more satisfactory would it have been if Mr. Craig had adequately described the scenes of Mistral's masterpiece 'Mirèio,' the arid plains of la Crau, the ruined town of les Baux, the Camargue with its strange vegetation, its lagoons and vast horizons, instead of devoting a chapter to the obvious "horrors" of the gaming-rooms at Monte Carlo (rather a foreign than a native product) and even to far more irrelevant matter.

Though Mr. Craig speaks in his preface of an acquaintance of more than twenty years with Provence, yet he only makes us partially familiar with those ever-recurring labours which constitute the life of the people, and which Mistral thus enumerates in his 'Isclo d'oro,' ploughing, sowing, shearing, haymaking, harvesting, the care of the silkworms, treading out the corn, the vintage, the olive gathering. This part of his subject has the same *dilettante* and mere tourist character as the rest of his book. However, if we find among the manners and customs described in the 'Miejour' no description, or an inadequate one, of the vintage—that most poetic harvest from the moment when the full grape is plucked till the evening when the day's gathering lies in the big winepress, a dusky purple heap in the flickering candle light, and the bronzed brawny men keep time with a rhythmic chant to the sough of the crushed grape; or of the silk harvest when the young girls detach the cocoons from spray and sprig with an incessant accompaniment of gossip and popular songs; or of the olive gathering sung in so sprightly a fashion by Anselme Mathieu; or of other equally characteristic matters, we must not overlook the fact that Mr. Craig can describe graphically and pleasantly if we are willing to forego method and completeness. A very vivid account of the thunny fishing at the mouth of the Var—a most exciting scene when the mighty haul takes place—and a very interesting account of the singular organisation, recognised and sanctioned by Government, which unites the fishermen of the Provençal coast, makes us feel vexed that we have not more such. We cannot refrain from giving Mr. Craig's picture of the orange-flower gathering, for it carries us at once into that pleasant land where the light and air, the songs and customs, make the national life so festive. "Orange flowers—rather, I should say, orange blossoms—with their white snowy star-like petals falling from the nimble fingers of the gatherers, as they surround the orange tree, perched upon ladders, and gather the perfumed wealth which nestles amid the green leaves. The air is almost oppressive with the heavy perfume of the orange flowers. Wherever you turn, all through the olive-shaded farms and violet-planted gardens, amid the hedges of rich roses, and beneath the gnarled wide-branched fig-trees, there the orange flowers are fast falling into the sheets lying beneath the trees, and the song of the gatherers—orange flower gathering being the time when one hears in perfection the quaint old ballads of the Provençal shore—floats upon the ear."

The dialects spoken in the South are many, owning a common origin, indeed, in the Provençal language, but having fallen apart for want of a progressive literature, and being gradually debased and modified by vulgar use, and by French influence in the schools and all public affairs. In 1854 a guild of poets was formed under the name of the Felibrige, which had its origin in Provence proper, and whose object was to give cohesion, stability, and real literary importance to a poetic movement which originated with all the spontaneity of some primitive folk manifestation. To purge the dialects from foreign elements, to give them as far as might be a unity and dignity which they had lost in homely and illiterate use, to revise the syntax and orthography, to revive ancient customs, such as the floral games, and, above all, to join the sons of the Provençal language, whether Provençals, Languedociens, Gascons, or Catalans, in one enthusiastic brotherhood and cause—such was the object of the Felibrige. The question of dialects is rather one for the philologist than the more æsthetic critic, but we are of M. Theuriet's opinion, recently expressed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that, in searching amid that delicate undergrowth, popular poetry, the philologist should go hand in hand with the poet. It would take too long to enumerate the Felibre and their works, or their diverse dialects, but we would

mention one name, omitted in the 'Miejour,' probably as not actually belonging to the Felibrige. We allude to M. Bigot, whose ideas, if we remember rightly, do not entirely coincide with those of the Provençal guild, but whose book, 'Li Bourgadierio,' written in the actual unpolished patois of Nismes, may rank, after Mistral's 'Mirèio' and Aubanel's 'Miougrano Entreduberto,' as one of the most beautiful and genuine utterances of this renaissance. Mistral, the chief and greatest of the Provençal poets, is at once erudite and inspired. He has worked for years with patience and scholarship at a large dictionary of the language whose extinction he so passionately deprecates, and this language, arrested in its decay, and refined by him, lives in his verses, like some beautiful Galatea into whose cold marble body the living soul has been breathed by excess of love, though whether to become the mother of men may be questioned. For with all deference to Professor Boehmer, who sees here a linguistic result like that achieved by Dante, Mistral writes in a language not indeed created by him, but slightly artificial, since it is not the speech of the lower classes, who alone practically use the Provençal dialects, in spite of much that has been urged to the contrary.

Mr. Craig is not very fortunate in his translations, and when he tells us, after the Mentonese song, "O Sabé, bella Sabé (which has been very faithfully rendered by M. Bruyn Andrews in his 'Essai du Dialecte Mentonais') that he has altered the manner of the end, which he found too dismal, the serious character of his book is affected. Nor is there much dignity in his rendering of Mistral's fine and spirited "Drummer of Arcola," from which we extract a passage:—

> With tottering feeble steps the old man's gone,
> Bending o'er staff until the Pantheon
> His weary steps have won.
> Why look thus sad? Why grieve,
> Old grey moustache, this eve?

It is doubtless very difficult to render into one language the grace, delicacy, or fire of another, and we cannot help thinking that a careful prose translation, written with breadth and simplicity, in which measured words like those of the argument to Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," should compensate for the music of verse, would be the most satisfactory process. Such is the kind of French translation, often of great beauty, which the Provençal poets append to their own original work. Mr. Grant has written an English prose translation of 'Mirèio,' very faithful to the original, but at times somewhat trivial.

We give a verse from 'Mirèio,' with a Catalan translation; the affinity between the two will at once be seen, but even here the delicacy of the original is missed:—

Emai soun front noun lusi-guesso	Mes qu'en front sols resplendia
Que de jouinesso; emai n'aguesse	Joventut, mes que no tenia
Ni diademo d'or ni manteu de damas,	Ni diadema d'or, ni manto di damas,
Vole qu'en glori fugue aussado	Jo vull qu'en gloria sia alsado
Coume uno reino, e caressado	Com una reyna, y falyado
Per nosto lengo mespresado,	Per nostra llenga despreciada,
Car cantan que per vautre, O pastre e gent di mas!	Car canto per vosaltres, pastors y gent de mas!

Here is Mr. Grant's rendering of the same verse:—

> What though youth's halo only decked her brow, What though she wore no diadem of gold or damask cloak, I'll have her raised in glory like a queen, and honoured in our own despised tongue, For 'tis for you we sing, O shepherds, and "Mas" (*farmstead*) dwelling folk.

Mr. Craig's subject was a very good one, and we can but say that the comprehensive title of his book gave us large expectations, which have been somewhat disappointed. There is a great deal of information in the 'Miejour,' but it is given without system or method, and a mass of irrelevant matter takes away from the literary seriousness and importance of the work—not that its tone is in the slightest degree flippant, for it is, on the contrary, decidedly religious; and the book might receive independent and favourable criticism from that point of view.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

Shakspeare Diversions. Second Series. From Dogberry to Hamlet. By Francis Jacox, Author of 'Cues from All Quarters,' 'Aspects of Authorship,' &c. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Mr. Jacox belongs to the much-abused fraternity of bores, and thus has received but scant justice from reviewers. The bore is terrible chiefly to two classes of people—rivals, and men who are in a hurry. Now, reviewers would naturally resent the suggestion that they have any sort of rivalry with bores; they look upon themselves rather as belonging to the noble army of martyrs; but they seldom have much time to spare, and Mr. Jacox's interminable citation of passage after passage in illustration of some trite theme, ranging in a free and easy manner from Abont to Zhukovsky, is apt to become tedious and exasperating. Yet we have no doubt there are many honest persons, not being reviewers, to whom these 'Diversions' of Mr. Jacox's would be really diverting. It is a sort of book that Robinson Crusoe, for example, would have hailed with delight. The bore has no terrors for those upon whose hands time is hanging heavily; that is to say, if he speaks through the medium of print and cannot vex the ear with "the hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray." Mr. Jacox in the flesh might have been too much for Robinson Crusoe, but Mr. Jacox in print would probably have been a most welcome visitant; in fact, we can imagine people restricted to one book as the companion of their solitude deliberately choosing Mr. Jacox's, on account of the varied nature of its contents. There is "a heap of miscellaneous feeding" in it, as the Scotchman is reported to have said of the sheep's head.

The explanation of the book's being called 'Shakspeare Diversions' is that Mr. Jacox generally takes some saying from Shakespeare as the starting-point for his various little heaps of quotations. How Mr. Jacox got all his quotations together, whether by patient industry and method, or by the help of a wonderfully assimilative memory, how far his labours are original, and how far he has availed himself of the labours of others, in dictionaries and collections of quotations alphabetically arranged, are problems which must be left to the leisurely reader. A specimen or two will best show the character of the book. Let us take the section on the connexion between Dress and Character, starting from the maxim of Polonius that "the apparel oft proclaims the man." Mr. Jacox begins by saying that "Polonius has an eye to dress. He is observant of apparel [note the elegant variation of phrase "he has an eye to dress," "he is observant of apparel"], because he is a student of character, and the apparel oft proclaims the man. And in this, as in other matters, the old politicians find it politic to preach up the golden mean. If the young man, his son, would get on in the world, let him pay a proper, but no improper attention to costume. Let Laertes be careful to dress well, but never to be overdressed." These are Mr. Jacox's own remarks, and may suffice for a specimen of his personal contributions to the entertainment of his readers. The judicious reader will have no difficulty in acquiring a habit of skipping Mr. Jacox. In this section, after a brief introduction, he sets at once to his serious business of quotation. He begins with "the shrewd old Lafeu, of *All's Well that Ends Well*," who "distrusts young Bertram's friend, Parolles, from the moment he casts eyes on him." "But I hope your lordship thinks him not a soldier? . . . Pray you, sir, who's his tailor? . . . Believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence." From Lafeu Mr. Jacox passes to Lord Chesterfield, whom he quotes and condenses as follows:—

> "Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for I confess I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and I believe most people do as well as myself." Any affectation whatsoever in dress, his lordship takes to imply a flaw in the understanding. Most of the young fellows he observed in London society displayed, to his eye, some character or other by their dress; some affecting the tremendous, and wearing a big fiercely-cocked

hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat; and these he professedly should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, were he not convinced of their being but meek asses in lion's skins. Others he saw going in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered—although imitating grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins so well in their outsides, that he made not the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense, he repeats, carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. "He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks (that is, more), than they, he is a fop: if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent." But of the two, Chesterfield would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed, because the excess on that side will wear off with a little age and reflection; but "if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old."

Next Mr. Jacox takes John Evelyn, saying that he "admired, and cited as 'witty,' the expression of Malvezzi, that garments (*vestimenti*) in animals are infallible signs of their nature; in men of their understanding." From Evelyn, he passes with a tremendous bound to "Jesus, the son of Sirach," in whose words it is written:—"A man's attire and excessive laughter and gait show what he is"—a passage which may be commended to Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Back from Jesus, the son of Sirach, with a still more wonderful exercise of intellectual agility, Mr. Jacox brings us to Frederick Robertson, who said of superficial persons, "all whose work and all whose nature is on the surface. The very dress of such persons betrays the slatternly, incomplete character of their minds." Then he "cites a fruity couplet from the 'Urania' of Dr. O. W. Holmes."

> The outward forms the inner man reveal,
> We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

After less relevant quotations from the elder Schlegel and Ben Jonson, we get the following from John Marston Hall, who "said of a certain French dignitary," "His robes sat well upon him, which is always a sign of a lofty education or of a fine mind; for no one can feel himself perfectly at ease in all his movements without possessing the one or having received the other." This "reminds" Mr. Jacox "of another clause in the Chesterfield chapter of instructions." "When once well dressed for the day, let his pupil think no more of it afterwards; and, without any fear of discomposing his dress, let all his motions be as easy and natural as if he had no clothes on at all." Then follow quotations from Coleridge, "in his Poets' Corner days," Charles Kingsley, Merle d'Aubigné, Conyers Middleton. From Hartley Coleridge Mr. Jacox borrows the following:—"Ill-fashioned garments have always more or less of this fault, that you can neither wear them, nor see them worn, without thinking of them; but the best and most graceful offend on the same ground, if, however well made, they be very much out of the fashion, or any way unsuitable to the age, rank, or character of the wearer." Lamartine, Mr. Mayhew, Mr. Trollope, Douglas Jerrold, Ben Jonson, Autolycus, Sterne, are the next in order in Mr. Jacox's random mixture; then Shakespeare again, Overbury, Christopher North, Donne, Mr. Trollope, Byron, Bulwer Lytton, A. K. H. B., Pepys, Kingsley, John Wesley, Whitefield, and so on, and so on, till Robinson Crusoe himself would admit that he had had enough for one sitting.

This is what Mr. Jacox calls "Shakspeare Diversions." We need not give another specimen. All the sections seem to be constructed on the same plan of stringing together remarks on some one topic from all the authors of Mr. Jacox's reading. Occasionally, also, intermixed with this we get a string of parallels to some incident in Shakespeare's plays. Thus Mr. Jacox gives some curious cases of statesmen and other dignitaries who have been accounted good actors, *apropos* of Polonius's boasting of his performances in that line. 'Shakspeare Diversions' is not a book to be treated with too much severity. If one were compelled to read it, then there would be good ground for energetic remonstrance. But those who have the requisite leisure and inclination will find in it plenty of topics for easy social discussion, and will pick up here and there scraps of amusing information.

MINOR NOTICES.

Contes Choisis. Par Alphonse Daudet. (Paris: Charpentier.)—M. Alphonse Daudet is a very clever novelist, whose name has been brought prominently before the public by the work, 'Froment Jeune et Risler Aînée,' a very painful novel, that had, however, the great advantage of not being revolting, and 'Jack' a quite as clever and sorrowful novel. The heroine of the former, Sidonie, who marries Risler Aînée for his position, betrays him with his brother and Georges Froment, and finally becomes a music-hall singer, leaving her unhappy husband to hang himself, is as contemptible a type of womankind as Mme. Bovary. But M. Daudet is a more agreeable artist than M. Flaubert, and never appears to be writing, as is too often the case with the other author, as if his sole intention and ambition was to upset the stomach of his reader. There is one especial feature about M. Daudet's work which should render him an object of interest to English readers—his evident, we would not say imitation, but rather emulation, of the style of Charles Dickens. This was very obvious in certain characters in 'Froment Jeune et Risler Aînée,' such, for example, as the retired actor, Delobelle, with his absurd belief in his own merit, and his determination to *lutter toujours* against adverse fortune, and is equally remarkable in 'Jack.' Jack is the son of a *cocotte*, Ida de Barancy. His childish happiness is first disturbed by his being sent to a private school, a sort of Parisian Dotheboy's Hall, where Ida meets D'Argenton, a poor vicomte and soulless would-be poet, by necessity teacher in the school; she falls in love with him, and gives up everything to live with him. The rest of the story may be best described as a long struggle between D'Argenton and Jack. Jack, who adores his mother and whose only happiness in life is being with her, goes from childhood to manhood through much misery and sorrow, D'Argenton all through acting as his evil genius, and at last he dies at the hospital, where his mother arrives too late to see him. 'Jack' is in style and execution exceedingly Dickensesque, without being any the less original. The character of Ida, good-hearted, vain, shallow, and silly, loving her son but devoted to D'Argenton, so devoted that when she once breaks with him for her son's sake she soon returns to him, is a most remarkable study. D'Argenton himself, the pseudo-poet, selfish, vain, heartless, and pedantic, jealous of all who succeed where he fails, is an admirable example of clever character-drawing. He is, and this is another Dickens touch, fond of phrases, tells how he replies to injuries of any kind, "ce mot cruel," and justifies his bad conduct to Jack by the formula that "La vie n'est pas un roman, que diable." But if these novels are both masterly in their way, it is not from them that one would gather much idea of the delicate grace and poetic beauty of the little volume of 'Contes Choisis.' Some time ago M. Daudet published a volume of poems, "Les Amoureuses," which was not very remarkable, but these perfect little stories prove that it was not poetic genius that was wanting to M. Daudet, but that his power of expression was better in prose than verse. Each of these stories, the longest of which only occupies a very few pages, is in itself a thoroughly finished little work of art, and whether the subject be fantastic, poetic, pathetic, or humorous, M. Daudet shows an equal mastery of his art, the art of the story-teller. "Les Etoiles," the story of the Provençal shepherd who shelters one night the girl he loves, and tells her the story of the stars, is perfect; and the story of the Turco of the Commune, is a small masterpiece of true pathos. The Turco is wounded during the siege, and on his recovery finds Paris held by the Commune, but being wholly ignorant of French still fancies the city to be resisting the Prussians and so fights nobly at the barricades until he recognises the uniform of the Versaillists, and believing them to be a triumphant French reinforcement greets them joyously, but they look at his blackened hands, his smoking chassepot, push him against a wall and fire, and "il est mort sans avoir rien compris." Every one of these "contes" might be described and praised, for all

are admirable. Had M. Daudet never written 'Jack' or 'Froment Jeune et Risler Aînée,' these would entitle him to a high place in modern French literature. He is one of those writers who, like Gautier, possess the power of writing equally well in a small as in a large space. M. Daudet is as a novelist on about the same level as M. Emile Zola, but he has over him the great advantage that people can more easily agree as to his merits, as he does not raise the question, "How much of the disgusting can be safely sanctioned in art?"

The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language. By the Very Rev. M. J. Bourke. (Longmans.) It will be seen from its title that this book is, in some respects, a repetition of an old story. Lord Lyndhurst notwithstanding, nobody now believes the Irish race to be "alien" to the Teutonic, "in speech, in religion, and in blood." However, the work is noticeable from the mere fact that it is written by an Irishman, for hitherto the Irish have been almost mute on the subject of their Aryan relationship. The Canon of Tuam Cathedral is also said to be one of the best—if not the very best—Celtic scholars living. His book, it need hardly be said, is full of learning; but, unfortunately, Canon Bourke is stronger in lore than he is in style and method. His book is almost as learned and unmethodical—and perhaps in some cases as fanciful—as that wonderful 'Book of God,' in which, some years ago, Dr. Kenealy tried to prove himself to be the divinely ordained successor of Mahomet and Ghenghiz Khan and nine other Saviours—the twelfth and last Messiah, in fact. Canon Bourke derives *Keltoi* from *Oath*, the Celtic word for fight, and *oilte*, skilled in; whence we may infer that even in the remotest ages the Irish were the Aryan warriors, or rowdies *par excellence*. The author's account of the Round Towers—those puzzles of archæologists—is that they were built by the Pagan Irish, and not by a supposed pre-Aryan race; and that St. Patrick consecrated them to Christian uses. He rejects the Danish theory; for why, he well asks, did not the Danish invaders build similar towers in their own country, and in England? And he argues that they could not have been Christian, because the period between the Saint and the Danes was devoid of architecture; because the towers and the oldest Christian architectural relics differ *in toto* in the character and composition of their material; and because their erection is unnoticed in the monastic and ecclesiastical records of Ireland. The student will find some interesting observations on the Brehon Laws, which, says our author, have been dug out of the ruins of a thousand years, as Pompeii and Herculaneum were from beneath their lava covering, the Canon forgetting the fact that Pompeii was overwhelmed not by lava but by ashes. Students will find much to edify them in Canon Bourke's book; and for the sake of students it is to be hoped that it may soon reach its third edition—the present edition being the second. But we assure the "general" reader that he will find more to edify him in a page of Sumner Maine than in an acre of Bourke. Heaven help "the young ladies in educational establishments and convent schools," for whose sake Canon Bourke has taken care to render his style "clear, lively, and attractive," if they are to wade through his Gaelic prefixes, Aryan affinities, and his speculations on the primitive Aryan language, the wanderings of the Irish race, Grimm's Law, and the Brehon Law! The only thing that one can discover in the young lady line is the Canon's outburst on the services which Mr. Matthew Arnold and Professor Blackie have rendered to the cause of Celtic literature: "The grey line of incipient dawn on the social horizon shot suddenly up in the East before the eyes of Irishmen who lay looking listlessly on." First-rate; but what of the style in another sentence, in which he begs his critics for fair play, on the ground that "even on the turf, or at the target, and in other circles of international social life, this maxim (*i.e.* fair play) is not ignored?"

L'Art. Neuvième Volume. (Paris: Librairie de L'Art).—The number of valuable articles contained in this volume of *L'Art* is very great. First of all comes Charles Yriarte's series of articles upon Goya, which form a valuable contribution to the history of etching. The four etchings which accompany these articles are certainly exceedingly curious, and whatever their artistic merit eccentricity at least cannot be denied to them. The "Rain of Bulls" is, in itself, a nightmare. Vosmaer's articles on the anatomy-lesson pictures of Holland are highly interesting. The somewhat cheerless subject is well and fully treated, and well illustrated, and is altogether a useful account of this curious phase of Dutch art. Among a host of other important papers we must signalise Philippe Burty's on Henry Monnier and Emile Bergerat's articles on his master, Théophile Gautier, as a painter. These last will be especially attractive to all who are familiar with the deep artistic feeling and marvellous "colour" of Gautier's writings. Among the English articles must be mentioned the commencement of Mr. Comyns Carr's articles on the Grosvenor Gallery and the Academy, which promise to be, in their completed form, an admirable series of criticisms, at once keen and subtle, and as appreciative in feeling as unerring in judgment; and Mr. Walter Pollock's essay on modern English dramatic art as represented by Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. As we published some extracts from this article at the time of its appearance, it is unnecessary for us to do more now than to repeat our praise of it.

VARIORUM NOTES.

The *France* makes a curious comparison between the *Moniteur* of July 1830, and the *Bulletin des Communes* of June 1877, which is worth reproduction:—

The *Moniteur* said:—"The King will not yield; he is the strong and jealous King, and his resolution is immoveable. It remains, therefore, for the electors to act so that the majority in the Chamber may not be such as to compel the King for the accomplishment of his resolution to use strong measures, strong in proportion to the violence of the attack."

The *Bulletin des Communes* says:—"The Marshal being resolved to remain until 1880, it is necessary to have a Chamber in accordance with him; first, because wise people do not like to vote for no purpose or to lose their time, and they will do this in naming a Chamber hostile to Marshal MacMahon. What will be the use of this Chamber? None whatever. If it declared war against the Marshal it would be dissolved again."

These historical comparisons are always interesting. It will be curious if the issue prove the same now as in the former case. On August 2, 1830, Charles X. abdicated.

The rumour which has been spread abroad lately that Osman Pasha is only Marshal Bazaine turned Turk is wholly without foundation. Osman Pasha is well known to many Englishmen, and fortunately for the Turkish army is not the hero of Mexico and Metz.

Mr. Fawcett, addressing the House in Committee the other night on the Supplementary Army Estimates, turned to the Conservative members, and reminded them of the manner in which they had "obstructed" the measure for the abolition of purchase. As, however, he addressed himself directly to the Conservative members, Mr. Raikes, the Chairman of Committees, who has lately grown somewhat tenacious of his dignity, admonished him that he was somewhat out of order, and must address his remarks to the chair. "I shall be very happy to address you, Mr. Raikes," said the honourable member for Hackney, and he thereupon proceeded, to the infinite amusement of the House, to repeat his observations, prefacing each passage with "I was reminding the honourable gentlemen, Mr. Raikes," or "I was telling the honourable gentlemen opposite, Mr. Raikes," and then went on to recall the number of speeches made against the measure, adding, "You will remember those speeches, Mr. Raikes, for you were one of the speakers yourself, Mr. Raikes." This was like the famous reply of Robespierre, when interrupted by a cry of "*Concluez donc*":—"I will conclude, *et contre vous.*" It amused the House immensely, and the Chairman of Com-

mittees could not technically complain of not being personally addressed.

Metaphor is always more or less difficult to manage, and we are not therefore surprised that a member of the House of Commons, speaking on the question of Army Retirement the other night, described the gratuity offered by the Government as "a nest-egg on which a man might take his stand" on returning to civil life. We cannot imagine a worse way for a man to begin his new career than by standing on his nest-egg. To sit upon it in the sense of hatching it might be well enough, but to stand upon it!

A prominent French newspaper recently received a letter that ran as follows:—"Monsieur, there is a class of functionaries, modest, it is true, but who have a large interest in the country, and about whom the Provisional Ministry have been said to be thinking. These are the beadles." The letter concludes by saying, "The beadle assists at baptisms, funerals, and marriages, and his influence is greater than might be supposed. *On attende une circulaire.*" "Do you think this respectful or proper conduct," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane, "to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate? Are you aweer that I am a porochial delegate and a stipendary?"

The German's love of peace is so notorious that he omits no opportunity of developing his military prowess to enforce it. Thus, a week ago, about a hundred students from the Universities of Strassburg, Heidelberg, Erlangen, Würzburg, Tubingen, and Basel, engaged several railway carriages to take them to Königshofen im Taubergrund. They were accompanied by two surgeons, with a large supply of bandages, lint, and ice; and, having arrived at the hotel "Deutscher Hof," where they had engaged several saloons, locked themselves in by parties, and commenced a series of duels which lasted for several hours. The landlord, who had been ignorant of the purpose for which the rooms were engaged, objected to their being turned into so many battle-fields, and sent for the municipal authorities to put a stop to the bloodshed that was ruining his carpets and sofas, but the civic guardians of the peace were unable to stay the tide of battle, which continued till half the combatants were disabled. But they seemed rather to like it than not, for the troop of wounded, with their heads and faces artistically darned and bandaged left and right, were in excellent spirits when they quitted the gory field of glory.

It is stated in some quarters that Mr. Patrick Proctor Alexander, the author of a clever *brochure* on spiritualism, the friend and biographer of Alexander Smith, and the author of some philosophical works and imitations of Mr. Carlyle, marked by keen dialectical skill and grim humour, is about to publish a volume of fugitive papers. It is to be hoped the rumour is true, for Mr. Alexander is one of the ever-diminishing band of able men that Edinburgh, rapidly becoming the paradise of faded gentility and ecclesiastical jobbery—tempered by classical music—is still able to retain in its midst.

There seems to be less inclination than ever to call a spade a spade. A retreat is now described as a "retrograde concentration," and since "mobilisation" has become paramount to a declaration of war "dislocation" has taken its place. The financial world follows the example, and no longer speaks of pawning stock, but gracefully "lombards" it. Thus we find that a syndicate composed of Rothschild, Bleichröder, and a few more lords of finance, has been formed to advance the moneys necessary to cover the expenses of the Austrian mobilisation. The Government intends "lombarding" to this syndicate or consortium 8,750,000 florins worth of its shares of the guaranteed railways, for the sum of about six million florins, at 6 per cent. interest, with an extra ½ per cent. somewhere or other, where does not appear quite clear. Anyhow, 6½ per cent. interest for an advance thoroughly covered is not a bad specimen of Governmental pawning.

The Grosvenor Gallery will re-open in November with an historical exhibition of British water-colour paintings from the beginning of the century down to the present time. It will, however, include no works by living artists.

Mr. Richard Somervell, who, incompany with Mr. Ruskin, fights the cause of the Lake country against all invaders, has now come to the front in a little pamphlet against a scheme started by the Corporation of Manchester for the conversion of Thirlmere Lake into a reservoir. Although interested in the preservation of the natural beauties of our mountain districts, against what he somewhat incorrectly terms "purely utilitarian purposes," Mr. Somervell admits that "a sufficient supply of water for the inhabitants of large towns has of late years been recognised as a matter of so much importance, that considerations of taste or sentiment, or individual preference, must not be allowed to stand in the way of arrangements proved to be necessary for attaining the object." But Mr. Somervell then proceeds to argue that in the case in hand there is no necessity, that there is plenty of water for Manchester, that "upon her own estimate Manchester requires for herself, and the places she supplies, 16,000,000 gallons of water daily; and can command a daily supply of 24,000,000 gallons," and that the proposed scheme must result in the complete destruction of beautiful Thirlmere Lake as far as its beauty goes. Mr. Somervell adds "it may therefore safely be asserted firstly that it is as a water company and not as a board of health that the Corporation will now apply for powers to appropriate Thirlmere Lake and to construct the necessary subsidiary works. Secondly, that of the water now supplied nearly two-thirds appear to go for manufacturing purposes and to distant places, and as an additional supply is already arranged for beyond any possible increased demand for board of health purposes within the two boroughs, it cannot be said that the sanitary needs of their own city are urgent." It is certainly very necessary that the merits of the whole case be gone into very carefully, for it would be most regrettable if one of the most beautiful lakes in England were unnecessarily destroyed.

It is affirmed that all the Wesleyan ministers who met in conference at Bristol, in the beginning of the week, and came to the resolution to give increased power to the laity, are by no means satisfied with that resolution, and think it contrary to the original views of both Churches and John Wesley. In all probability a pamphlet will soon be published by one of the most eminent of the dissentients, in which Conservative Wesleyanism will be thoroughly upheld.

It is said that the Rev. Dr. Service, the author of a pleasant paper in this month's *Macmillan*, and of a volume of sermons which are actually readable, is the author of one of the best of recent anonymous Scotch novels, and contemplates producing another. The Scotch Presbyterians will surely not allow this. They may tolerate a Professor Smith who exposes the antiquated fictions that have come from the brains of others, but they will surely never stand one of their number spinning fictions from his own.

Many a valiant warrior has ere now exchanged the paraphernalia of war for the apparatus of science; but seldom, if ever before, has a battle-steed fallen a victim to his desire to illustrate the geological growth of ages. The animal in question had rendered his master good service during the Franco-German War, after which he was sold to Messrs. Müllensiefen, of Krengeldanz, near Witten. Here he acquitted himself satisfactorily, but was unfortunately subject to severe attacks of colic without any apparent cause. The attack once over, he appeared as hearty as ever; but each recurrent fit became more serious, and finally, a short time ago, he gave up the ghost during a particularly severe one. As the case had been very strange, it was determined to hold a *post-mortem*, when it was discovered that the cause of death was a large stone in one of the intestines, weighing over 5½ pounds. It was dark-coloured, with light stripes, and exceedingly hard. A closer examination of this stone showed that it consisted of deposits of carbonate of lime and phosphate of lime which had impregnated and indurated a common sponge that had been swallowed by the animal in France. This story, which is perfectly true, almost beats that of the Florentine who swallowed a fork and suffered from indigestion till he also swallowed a knife and had his dinner carved downstairs.

A San Francisco divine has published a small volume entitled 'The Devil: can He be Converted?' The writer thinks

he could, and "guesses" he could perform the operation himself, if allowed. But it may be doubted if the Devil would thank him for such an exercise of benevolence, for we are carefully informed by the San Francisco authority of the habits of the Father of Lies, and it is plain that His Bad Eminence is, as the old play has it, "a gentleman." At all events, it appears he fares sumptuously every day, is fond of turtle soup, does not object to champagne, and dotes on whist. When his quarters are so comfortable, why should he seek to change them?

The *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean littoral is a fearful and wonderful thing; but Leander, the busy little manager of the "Hotel du Nil" at Cairo, bids fair to surpass it. Driven half out of his mind by the laziness of the Arab servants, he exclaimed:—"If the pipples won't travel, they must be made to travel!" He meant to say that if people would not work (*travailler*) they must be made to.

The Constantinople police are at present indefatigable in their search for spies, and were on their rounds recently in one of the midnight quarters of Galatz, when they perceived a young man who appeared rather troubled at their sudden appearance, and tried hard to evade them. As the police are not generally avoided by visitors to that quarter, but rather the contrary, they seized him forthwith, and brought him before the chief of police, when they found, to their great astonishment, that he was a "she," and the wife of a well-known merchant who was suspected by her of evil ways in which she had expected to find him *in flagrantis*. Hence her disguise. She was politely escorted home, the worthy chief of police congratulating himself heartily that his own beloved Fatima, Gulnare, and Bulbul were safe, under lock and key, in his harem.

The following effusion which has been sent to us appears to come from one of the Colorado beetle sufferers near Mulheim:—

Vat is that schwirring through the air,
Vat gapes and stares the people?
Vat run they here, vat run they there,
Vat clang the bells in tow'r und steeple,
Vat clamour young, vat clamour old,
Vat clamour big und leetle?
Alas! they clamour all, "Behold!
That Colorado Beetle!"

For endless streams of burghers, armed
Mit pick und spade und hoe,
Had ramparts raised in circle charmed
Around the dreaded foe;
Had waged a ruthless war amain
With naphtha, benzoline,
But flames und smoke vere all in vain—
They'd got no Paris Green!

Und high above the battle's fray,
O'er ditch and rampart dug,
They saw it wing its airy way—
That Colorado Bug!
And now a thousand dollars be
In hard cash the reward,
For proof an't be a He or She,
That Colorado Fraud!

Among the books likely to excite some interest next publishing season will be a biography of Garibaldi, probably with extracts from his correspondence. The author will, it is understood, be a Glasgow man, merchant, poet, and journalist.

The Pope, we understand, is again busy at his memoirs. They will contain his correspondence with Napoleon III., Victor Emanuel, and other potentates. In a codicil to his will he directs that the work shall not see the light till ten years after his death.

M. Louis Ulbach's new novel 'Madame Gosselin' has just been published by Hachette.

The mysterious words, "Where is the Philistine?" did refer to the last work of the late Valentine W. Bromley, which is now on exhibition at the Victoria Gallery in Queen Victoria Street. The picture represents a party of Puritan soldiery, who are searching a house for a concealed Cavalier. A little dog, who runs forward with a man's glove in his mouth, betrays the Cavalier's immediate presence to the stern Roundhead leader, who points out the evidence with his sword to the heroine of the picture with so graphic an expression on his countenance that we seem to hear him snarl out the words, "Where is the Philistine?" The picture, which is for sale, is the property of the executors. We understand that Lord Dunraven may lend for exhibition the pictures illustrative of Indian life in the Far West done for him by Mr. Bromley.

In May last year the Gainsborough so-called Duchess of Devonshire was sold to Mr. Agnew for 10,000 guineas. On the 26th the famous robbery which excited all London took place, and since then nothing has been heard of the lost beauty. There will soon be another "Duchess of Devonshire" on exhibition at the Byron Gallery, 26, Savile Row. This picture, according to the descriptive account, is stated by the owner, Mr. John Foster, to have been painted by Gainsborough for the Duchess, and given by her to his father. The owner's recollections of interesting details referring to the picture, and communicated to him by his father and others, are these:—"The Duchess had the picture engraved by (he thinks) W. Nutter, and 100 impressions were struck off for private circulation; but, altering her intentions about the distribution of them, the packet of engravings, with the engraved plate, were given to Mr. Foster's father, and shortly afterwards they were stolen from his house, and have never been recovered. Mr. Foster will presently offer a very large reward to anyone who will give information that may lead to the recovery of these engravings, as they will add valuable testimony to the character of his picture. When Gainsborough had finished this masterly work, he desired to keep a substantial recollection of it, and made a replica of it, which he never entirely finished. On his death, the replica was sold to a gentleman, who afterwards became acquainted with Sir Thomas Lawrence, and this painter was requested to finish the portrait of the Duchess. Sir Thomas, knowing that the original picture was in the possession of Mr. Foster's father, applied to him for permission to see it, and take notes to assist him in his work." In 1867, Mr. Foster offered his picture for exhibition in the Leeds International Exhibition of Fine Art, but desiring the Committee to purchase the picture (a condition they were not at liberty to comply with), he withdrew his offer, and, in 1868, he left England for Australia, to look after interests that his father had established there, and took his picture of the Duchess with him, having taken it out of the frame and rolled it on a roller, made of the various parts of the stretching frame, put together in such a way, and padded so as to form a perfect round. In Sydney, during a short illness, the picture was stolen, and on his return to health he recovered the picture by searching among the goods deposited at the steamship offices by persons bound for foreign ports. The box containing the valuable roll was left at the office of a ship about to sail for Liverpool, by a person giving the name of Melluish; but, a report getting abroad that the theft had been discovered, Melluish never claimed his package, and the picture once more returned to the hands of its rightful owner. In May 1876, when the picture purchased by Messrs. Agnew and Sons, at the sale of Mr. Wynn Ellis's pictures, was stolen from the Gallery in Bond Street, Mr. Foster was communicated with, and recommended to send his picture to this country for exhibition and ultimate sale; but, knowing of the three separate thefts, he thought that there must be some unintelligible fate about these pictures, and wisely deferred the return of the picture to England until he could make convenient arrangements for accompanying it to this country, where he arrived in the month of June, and has only just succeeded in placing it in a fair condition before the public.

An advertisement in a New York paper offers board and lodging "for two persons of some refinement, but no flummery." It is to be hoped that New York may be able to produce two persons whose manners may hit off the happy medium between refinement and flummery.

It has been incorrectly stated that Mr. Frank Celli intends to leave the lyric stage to act in the provinces with Mrs. Rousby. Mr. F. H. Celli has not left the Carl Rosa company, and has just signed another agreement to go on the next operatic tour.

A one-act *pochade-grecque*, called *Le Dernier Klephte*, was added last week to the programme of the Folies Dramatiques. Not much is gained by the addition; the piece is below par side by side with *Les Mystères de l'Eté* and *La Fille bien gardée* now being played at this theatre.

To those intending a visit this year to Etretat, it will be interesting to hear that Mme. Judic will be there on the 18th inst., and will play in a new trifle at the Casino.

Mlle. Croizette had a narrow escape the other day. The carriage in which she was driving struck against the kerb in the Rue Royale, and the famous actress was thrown upon the pavement; fortunately she received no injury.

M. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française, will open the theatrical season at Brussels with six representations of *Jean Dacier* at the Galeries Saint-Hubert.

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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BEDFORD COLLEGE (for LADIES), 8 and 9 York Place Portman Square.—The SESSION 1877-78 will BEGIN on THURSDAY October 11.
TWO ARNOTT SCHOLARSHIPS will be awarded by OPEN COMPETITION in October next. Candidates to send their Names to Miss MARTINEAU, at the College, before September 20.
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he could, and "guesses" he could perform the operation himself, if allowed. But it may be doubted if the Devil would thank him for such an exercise of benevolence, for we are carefully informed by the San Francisco authority of the habits of the Father of Lies, and it is plain that His Bad Eminence is, as the old play has it, "a gentleman." At all events, it appears he fares sumptuously every day, is fond of turtle soup, does not object to champagne, and dotes on whist. When his quarters are so comfortable, why should he seek to change them?

The *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean littoral is a fearful and wonderful thing; but Leander, the busy little manager of the "Hotel du Nil" at Cairo, bids fair to surpass it. Driven half out of his mind by the laziness of the Arab servants, he exclaimed:—"If the pipples won't travel, they must be made to travel!" He meant to say that if people would not work (*travailler*) they must be made to.

The Constantinople police are at present indefatigable in their search for spies, and were on their rounds recently in one of the midnight quarters of Galatz, when they perceived a young man who appeared rather troubled at their sudden appearance, and tried hard to evade them. As the police are not generally avoided by visitors to that quarter, but rather the contrary, they seized him forthwith, and brought him before the chief of police, when they found, to their great astonishment, that he was a "she," and the wife of a well-known merchant who was suspected by her of evil ways in which she had expected to find him *in flagrantis*. Hence her disguise. She was politely escorted home, the worthy chief of police congratulating himself heartily that his own beloved Fatima, Gulnare, and Bulbul were safe, under lock and key, in his harem.

The following effusion which has been sent to us appears to come from one of the Colorado beetle sufferers near Mulheim:—

Vat is that schwirring through the air,
Vat gapes and stares the people?
Vat run they here, vat run they there,
Vat clang the bells in tow'r und steeple,
Vat clamour young, vat clamour old,
Vat clamour big und leetle?
Alas! they clamour all, "Behold!
That Colorado Beetle!"

For endless streams of burghers, armed
Mit pick und spade und hoe,
Had ramparts raised in circle charmed
Around the dreaded foe;
Had waged a ruthless war amain
With naphtha, benzoline,
But flames und smoke vere all in vain—
They'd got no Paris Green!

Und high above the battle's fray,
O'er ditch and rampart dug,
They saw it wing its airy way—
That Colorado Bug!
And now a thousand dollars be
In hard cash the reward,
For proof an't be a He or She,
That Colorado Fraud!

Among the books likely to excite some interest next publishing season will be a biography of Garibaldi, probably with extracts from his correspondence. The author will, it is understood, be a Glasgow man, merchant, poet, and journalist.

The Pope, we understand, is again busy at his memoirs. They will contain his correspondence with Napoleon III., Victor Emanuel, and other potentates. In a codicil to his will he directs that the work shall not see the light till ten years after his death.

M. Louis Ulbach's new novel 'Madame Gosselin' has just been published by Hachette.

The mysterious words, "Where is the Philistine?" did refer to the last work of the late Valentine W. Bromley, which is now on exhibition at the Victoria Gallery in Queen Victoria Street. The picture represents a party of Puritan soldiery, who are searching a house for a concealed Cavalier. A little dog, who runs forward with a man's glove in his mouth, betrays the Cavalier's immediate presence to the stern Roundhead leader, who points out the evidence with his sword to the heroine of the picture with so graphic an expression on his countenance that we seem to hear him snarl out the words, "Where is the Philistine?" The picture, which is for sale, is the property of the executors. We understand that Lord Dunraven may lend for exhibition the pictures illustrative of Indian life in the Far West done for him by Mr. Bromley.

In May last year the Gainsborough so-called Duchess of Devonshire was sold to Mr. Agnew for 10,000 guineas. On the 26th the famous robbery which excited all London took place, and since then nothing has been heard of the lost beauty. There will soon be another "Duchess of Devonshire" on exhibition at the Byron Gallery, 26, Savile Row. This picture, according to the descriptive account, is stated by the owner, Mr. John Foster, to have been painted by Gainsborough for the Duchess, and given by her to his father. The owner's recollections of interesting details referring to the picture, and communicated to him by his father and others, are these:—"The Duchess had the picture engraved by (he thinks) W. Nutter, and 100 impressions were struck off for private circulation; but, altering her intentions about the distribution of them, the packet of engravings, with the engraved plate, were given to Mr. Foster's father, and shortly afterwards they were stolen from his house, and have never been recovered. Mr. Foster will presently offer a very large reward to anyone who will give information that may lead to the recovery of these engravings, as they will add valuable testimony to the character of his picture. When Gainsborough had finished this masterly work, he desired to keep a substantial recollection of it, and made a replica of it, which he never entirely finished. On his death, the replica was sold to a gentleman, who afterwards became acquainted with Sir Thomas Lawrence, and this painter was requested to finish the portrait of the Duchess. Sir Thomas, knowing that the original picture was in the possession of Mr. Foster's father, applied to him for permission to see it, and take notes to assist him in his work." In 1867, Mr. Foster offered his picture for exhibition in the Leeds International Exhibition of Fine Art, but desiring the Committee to purchase the picture (a condition they were not at liberty to comply with), he withdrew his offer, and, in 1868, he left England for Australia, to look after interests that his father had established there, and took his picture of the Duchess with him, having taken it out of the frame and rolled it on a roller, made of the various parts of the stretching frame, put together in such a way, and padded so as to form a perfect round. In Sydney, during a short illness, the picture was stolen, and on his return to health he recovered the picture by searching among the goods deposited at the steamship offices by persons bound for foreign ports. The box containing the valuable roll was left at the office of a ship about to sail for Liverpool, by a person giving the name of Melluish; but, a report getting abroad that the theft had been discovered, Melluish never claimed his package, and the picture once more returned to the hands of its rightful owner. In May 1876, when the picture purchased by Messrs. Agnew and Sons, at the sale of Mr. Wynn Ellis's pictures, was stolen from the Gallery in Bond Street, Mr. Foster was communicated with, and recommended to send his picture to this country for exhibition and ultimate sale; but, knowing of the three separate thefts, he thought that there must be some unintelligible fate about these pictures, and wisely deferred the return of the picture to England until he could make convenient arrangements for accompanying it to this country, where he arrived in the month of June, and has only just succeeded in placing it in a fair condition before the public.

An advertisement in a New York paper offers board and lodging "for two persons of some refinement, but no flummery." It is to be hoped that New York may be able to produce two persons whose manners may hit off the happy medium between refinement and flummery.

It has been incorrectly stated that Mr. Frank Celli intends to leave the lyric stage to act in the provinces with Mrs. Rousby. Mr. F. H. Celli has not left the Carl Rosa company, and has just signed another agreement to go on the next operatic tour.

A one-act *pochade-grecque*, called *Le Dernier Klephte*, was added last week to the programme of the Folies Dramatiques. Not much is gained by the addition; the piece is below par side by side with *Les Mystères de l'Eté* and *La Fille bien gardée* now being played at this theatre.

To those intending a visit this year to Etretat, it will be interesting to hear that Mme. Judic will be there on the 18th inst., and will play in a new trifle at the Casino.

Mlle. Croizette had a narrow escape the other day. The carriage in which she was driving struck against the kerb in the Rue Royale, and the famous actress was thrown upon the pavement; fortunately she received no injury.

M. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française, will open the theatrical season at Brussels with six representations of *Jean Dacier* at the Galeries Saint-Hubert.

The EDITOR *cannot undertake to return Manuscripts.*

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